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NADA

Secreto

THE

SECRETARY;

AND

COMPLETE LETTER WRITER.

Barber del. C. Eye Sc.

Frontispiece to the Secretary.

Published by KNOTT & LLOYD, Birm.m Jul.y 1. 1803.

THE

SECRETARY,

AND

COMPLETE LETTER WRITER;

CONTAINING

A COLLECTION OF LETTERS

Upon most Occasions and Situations in Life.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN ESSAY ON LETTER WRITING,

BY THE LATE

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON;

And an INTRODUCTION to

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT FRONTISPIECE.

BIRMINGHAM,

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PREFACE.

THE art of letter writing will ever be considered as one of the greatest ornaments of education; for, next to the power of pleasing by his presence, every man would wish to be able to give delight at a distance. In this Collection of Letters various models are offered, beginning with easy and familiar forms, and thence leading, by simple gradations, to epistles of the most complex construction.

The SECRETARY *will be found to contain not only proper precedents of letters, but important advice, and directions for behaviour, in almost every situation in life. The Editor has selected from the best epistolary writers this country has produced, and those written by that amiable Poet, Cowper, will be read with delight. Miss Williams's Correspondence from France, describing, in glowing colours, the miseries and*

and horrors of revolutionary governments, and pourtraying the anarchy and bloodshed occasioned by lawless and ambitious tyrants, will be considered with the liveliest feeling and interest, and every Englishman will rejoice, that, in this happy country, we are, by the interposition of Divine Providence, placed under a Constitution wise, and good, that alike protects the peer and the peasant, and guards in safety the cottage, as well as the palace.

JULY 20, 1803.

TABLE

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

PAGE.

AN easy and familiar Introduction to English Grammar - - - - - - 1

THE SECRETARY.

A young gentleman's letter to his papa, written from school - - - - - - 1
Another upon the same subject - - 2
A young lady to her mama, desiring to learn arithmetic - - - - - - *ib.*
A letter on arithmetic, by Dr. Johnson, to a young lady - - - - - - 3
A young gentleman to his guardian, acquainting him he has begun to learn geography 4
A young lady to her father, requesting leave to learn to dance - - - - - - 5
From Lord Chesterfield to his son, on modesty 6
From a brother at home to a sister abroad on a visit, complaining of her not writing - 7
The sister's answer - - - - - 8
From a daughter to her mother, in excuse for her neglect - - - - - - *ib.*
Dr. Johnson to Miss Jane Langton, a very young lady - - - - - - 9
Dr. Johnson to Miss Thrale, on study, religion, &c. - - - - - - - 10

From

PAGE.

From an elder to a younger brother, representing the fatal consequences of extravagance 11
From a gentleman to his son, against loquacity 12
To a friend, on the proper use of time - 15
From a father to his son, on the ill consequences of keeping bad company, late hours, &c. during his apprenticeship - - - 16
From a tradesman to his correspondent, requesting payment of a sum of money - - 19
The answer - - - - - - *ib.*
From a lady to her maid servant who had left her 20
To a young tradesman, advising method and diligence in business - - - 22
From an aunt to her niece, containing instructions to judge of proposals of marriage 25
A gentleman to the father of a lady on the subject of matrimony - - - - 28
The father's answer - - - - 29
From the lover in reply - - - - *ib.*
A young lady to her father, informing him of a proposal of marriage being made to her 30
The father's answer - - - - 31
A young gentleman, nearly out of his apprenticeship, to the father of a lady - - 32
The father's answer - - - - 33
To a young lady, on her keeping company with a gentleman of bad character - - 34
To a gentleman who was jealous of his wife 35
The gentleman's answer - - - 36
A mother to her daughter, who was jealous of her husband - - - - - 37
On calumny - - - - - - 38
To a friend, in answer to his complaint of the incontinence of his mistress - - 40
On honour - - - - - 41
On friendship - - - - - 43
Against intimacy with a short acquaintance 45

On

PAGE.

On education - - - - - - 46
To a young lady on fortitude - - 48
On the advantages of taste for the beauties of nature - - - - - 50
To a friend, on the effects of prosperity and adversity on the human mind - 53
A letter by Locke, on the advantages of friendship - - - - - 56
Dr. Moore to a friend on gaming - 58
Dr. Schomberg to a young lady, on reading for improvement - - - 62
Mr. Pope, on the proper way of keeping Christmas - - - 65
Dr. Swift to a young lady on her marriage 67
Mrs. Thrale to a gentleman on his marriage 78
Dr. Johnson to a lady, refusing a request 83
Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Boswell, thanking her for a present - - - 84
Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Piozzi, on sickness - 85
Dr. Tillotson to a friend - - - 88
Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, on the death of her husband - - - 92
From the same to the same - - 93
Lord Chesterfield to Dr. Chenevix, on the death of his wife - - - 94
Dr. Johnson to Dr. Lawrence, on the death of his wife - - - 95
Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Strachan, on the death of her son - - - 96
Dr. Johnson to Mr. Elphinstone, on the death of his mother - - - 97
Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby, on the death of his brother - - - 98
Miss Williams to a friend, describing her arrestation and confinement in France - 100
Miss Williams in continuation - 107

Miss

PAGE.

Miss Williams to a a friend, describing several cruel executions by decrees of the Revolutionary Tribunal in France - - 117
Miss Williams to a friend, relating the unhappy catastrophe of a family in the South of France - - - - 134
Wm. Cowper, Esq. to S. Rose, Esq. - 148
The same to the same - - 149
Wm. Cowper, Esq. to Lady Hesketh - 151
Wm. Cowper, Esq. to Mrs. Bodham - 152
Wm. Cowper, Esq. to Lady Throckmorton 154
Mr. Robert Burns to Mr. Wm. Smellie - 156
Dr. Johnson on Letter Writing - 158
Tables of the modes of address and superscription of letters, to persons in all situations in life - - - - - 163

A SHORT

A SHORT

INTRODUCTION

TO

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

GRAMMAR.

GRAMMAR is the art of speaking and writing with propriety;

And treats of letters, syllables, words, and sentences. So that

It is very properly divided into the four following parts:

ORTHOGRAPHY,	SYNTAX, and
ETYMOLOGY,	PROSODY.

ORTHOGRAPHY,

OR THE

FIRST PART OF GRAMMAR.

ORTHOGRAPHY treats of letters and syllables, the method of spelling, the use of stops, and other characters necessary to exact writing.

SECTION I.

OF THE LETTERS.

IN English are the following twenty-six letters: *a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z.*

Five of these are called vowels: *a, e, i, o, u,* and have a distinct sound of themselves. *Y* is sometimes a vowel, and sounds like *i.*

The other letters are called consonants, and cannot be sounded without the help of a vowel.

The consonants are usually divided into mutes and semi-vowels, or half-vowels.

The mutes have no sound at all, without the assistance of a vowel; and are *b, c, d, g, j, k, p, q, t, v.*

The semi-vowels have a kind of imperfect sound, without the help of a vowel; and are, *f, h, l, m, n, r, s, x;* four of which, *l, m, n, r,* are called liquids.

The *x* and *z* are called double letters.

A has three sounds; as in *face, glass, wall.*—It is sometimes short, as in *grass;* sometimes long, as in *graze.*

E has three sounds; as in *stem, the, be.*—It is sometimes short, as in *men;* sometimes long, as in *scene.*

I has three sounds; as in *rind, third, hill.*—It is sometimes long, as in *shine:* and sometimes short, as in *sin.*

O has three sounds; as in *form, come, tomb.*—It is sometimes long, as in *bone;* and sometimes short, as in *block.*

U is

U is sometimes long, as in *use;* and sometimes short, as in *us.*

Y when it is a vowel sounds like *i;* as in *by, physic.*

B is sometimes mute; as in *debt, subtle, lamb.*

C is sounded like *k*, before *a, o, u;* as *calm, copper, cut:* and like *s*, before *e, i, y;* as, *centric, city, cypher.*

G has two sounds; one hard, before *a, o, u;* as in *gape, goat, gun;* and the other soft, as in *gem, giant.*—It is mute in *gnash*, &c.

H is a note of aspiration, or breathing.—It is sometimes mute; as in *hour, honesty.*

L is sometimes mute; as in *calf, could, would, should, psalm, falcon*, &c.

N is sometimes mute after *m;* as in *damn, hymn.*

P is sometimes mute; as in *psalm, tempt.*

Q is always followed by *u;* as in *quart, quantity, quibble, question.*

R has a rough sharp sound.—*Re* at the end of words, is sometimes sounded like *er;* as, *theatre, sepulchre.*

S has a hissing sound.—It sometimes sounds like *z;* as in *eyes, intrusion, delusion, bosom.*

S is sometimes mute; as in *isle, island, demesne, viscount.*

V sounds very much like *f;* as *vain, vanity.*

X begins no English word.—It sounds like *ks;* as *axis.*

Z sounds like hard *s;* and is therefore sometimes called *izzard*, or *s hard.*

Ch has one hard, and two soft sounds; as, *character (karacter) chance, chamois (shamois).*

Ti sounds like *shi*, very frequently; as *relation, satiate.*

SECTION II.

OF SYLLABLES.

A SYLLABLE is a letter, or a number of letters which give a distinct articulate sound.

Spelling consists in rightly dividing words into syllables; and writing words with proper letters.

Two vowels, joined together in one syllable, make a diphthong; as *ai*, in *paint*.

Three vowels, joined together in one syllable, make a triphthong; as *eau*, in *beauty*.

A consonant betwixt two vowels goes to the latter; as *pa-per*, *mo-ney*; except *x*, which goes to the first, as, *ex-ult*.

When two consonants, of the same kind, come together in the middle of a word, they must be divided; as, *bar-row*, *mid-dle*.

When two consonants come together in the middle of a word, that are not used to begin a word, they are divided, as *dan-ger*, *mur-der*.

Two vowels coming together, and not making a diphthong, must be divided; as, *li-on*.

The primitive parts of compound words must be divided; as, *under-stand*, *ward-robe*.

The most natural and easy way of dividing words into syllables is to follow the sound, that is

is to divide them as they are pronounced, without any regard to the different combinations of consonants and vowels, any further than what is observed in a right pronunciation.

SECTION III.

OF CAPITALS.

CAPITALS, or great letters, are used only at the beginning of words, and as follows:

The first word of any writing, discourse, or epistle, must begin with a capital.

The first word after a full stop, and all proper names of persons, places, or things, must begin with capitals.

The pronoun *I*, and the Interjection *O*, must always be written in capitals.

Every sentence taken from an author, or introduced as spoken by another, must begin with a capital.

All the names of *God*; as, *Jehovah*, *Lord*, *Almighty*, *Deity*, *Divine Being*, &c. must always begin with capitals.

The several names belonging to the *Trinity*, must begin with capitals; as, *God the Father*, *God the Son*, *God the Holy Ghost*.

Some distinguish every substantive with a capital; and the next word after a colon: And some every adjective that is put absolutely.

SECTION IV.

OF THE STOPS OR PAUSES.

IN order to read and write distinctly, and so as to be understood, it will be necessary to observe the following stops, or points of distinction, which are six:

A COMMA	,	A PERIOD	.
A SEMICOLON	;	AN INTERROGATION	?
A COLON	:	AN EXCLAMATION	!

A COMMA is the shortest stop, and may be held while the reader can tell one. It is properly used after a number of names of persons, places, or things; as, *Thomas, James, Henry, John;—sticks, bricks, trees, wood, stones.* It also distinguishes the parts, or clauses of a sentence, as,

"The time profusely squander'd there,
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at less expence,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense,
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate,
To govern men, and guide the state."

WHITEHEAD.

A SEMICOLON makes a full distinction, while the reader may count two.—This stop is put at the close of a sentence; yet includes an after

sense, and denotes that something is to follow: as,

" With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends;
The pæans lengthen'd 'till the sun descends;
The Greeks restor'd the grateful notes prolong;
Apollo listens and approves the song."

POPE.

A COLON stops the reader while he may count three; and is used when the sense is compleat, and the sentence appears to be finished; though there remain in the mind a kind of distant expectation of something to come; as,

" Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side:
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all."

GOLDSMITH.

A PERIOD makes the fullest distinction, while the reader may count four. This stop is used, when the sense is compleat, and the sentence quite ended; as,

" Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me."

CATO.

A NOTE of INTERROGATION is a kind of period, used after asking a question; as,

" Is this a dagger which see before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand?

SHAKESPEAR.

A NOTE

A NOTE of ADMIRATION, or EXCLAMATION is used upon any sudden cry, or wondering; as,

——————————" Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes favours!"

To these we may add the four following marks, which (though not so commonly used) are necessary to exact writing.

A PARENTHESIS	( )	A DIÆRESIS	..
AN HYPHEN	-	AN APOSTROPHE	'

A PARENTHESIS incloses one sentence in another, which (inclosed sentence) is not necessary to the sense; as,

" Thy son (nor is th' appointed season far)
In Italy shall wage successful war."
DRYDEN.

An HYPHEN is usually placed at the end of a line, to shew that the last word is not ended; but that part of it is at the beginning of the next. It is used also to join the parts of compound words; as, *man-servant*, *coach-man*.

A DIÆRESIS is placed over the last of two vowels, to shew that they do not make a diphthong; as,

" If our young Iülus be no more." IBID.

An APOSTROPHE, placed at the head of a letter, denotes that one or more letters are left out; as, *tho'* for *though*.

" Like polished iv'ry beauteous to behold."
IBID.

ETYMOLOGY;

ETYMOLOGY;

OR THE

SECOND PART OF GRAMMAR.

ETYMOLOGY treats of words, or the parts of speech.

The whole of a language, or all the words in a language, are divided by Grammarians into different classes, according to the several different uses they serve to; and these are denominated parts of speech; of which, in English, there are ten.

ARTICLE,	PARTICIPLE,
SUBSTANTIVE,	ADVERB,
ADJECTIVE,	CONJUNCTION,
PRONOUN,	PREPOSITION,
VERB,	INTERJECTION.

SECTION I.

OF AN ARTICLE.

AN ARTICLE is a part of speech placed before substantives, to limit and fix their signification: as, *an house*, *the house*, *a book*, *the book*.

There are two articles; *a* or *an*, and *the*.

The Article *a*, or *an*, is indefinite, and to be used when we speak of some one single person or

or thing, but do not particularly refer to any one more than another; as,

"From yonder shrine, I hear *a* hollow sound."
POPE.

The is called the definite article, and determines the particular thing, or things intended, and distinguishes them, as it were, from any other of the kind; as,

"*The* gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth *the* descent and easy is *the* way."
DRYDEN.

When a substantive is used without an article to limit and determine its signification, it is taken in its most extensive sense; as,

"A creature of a more exalted mind
Was wanting yet, and then was *man* design'd."
IBID.

The is often used before adverbs, in the comparative and superlative degree; and seems to increase their force and emphasis; as, "*The more* difficultly any thing is acquired, *the more* it is valued."

SECTION II.

OF A SUBSTANTIVE.

A SUBSTANTIVE is the *name* of any thing that we can think or speak of; as, *a man, a house, justice, goodness.*

Every

Every word that will take the articles *a*, *an*, or *the* before it, without the addition of any other word, is a substantive; as, *a boy*, *a book*, *an apple*, *the house*, *the school*.

Substantives are of two kinds, common and proper.

Substantives common, or common names, are such as denote a whole kind or species; as, *a man*, *a city*, *a river*; which may be understood of *any man*, *any city*, or *any river*.

Substantives proper, or proper names, are such as denote the individuals of any kind, or species; as, *John*, *London*, *the Thames*.

Thus *man* is the common name of *all men*; *John* is the name of some particular man.—*Every city* is called *a city*, but *every city* is not called *London*, *London* is therefore the proper name of a *particular city*.

To substantives belong number, case, and gender.

There are two numbers; the singular which speaks of one thing only; as, *a man*, *a book*: and the plural which speaks of more than one; as *men*, *books*.

In English, the plural for the most part, is formed by adding *s* to the singular; as *king*, *kings*; *boy*, *boys*.

When the singular ends in *x*, *ch*, *sh*, or *s*, the plural is formed by adding *es*; as, *glass*, *glasses*; *brush*, *brushes*; *church*, *churches*.

When the singular ends in *y*, the plural is made by changing the *y* into *ies*; as, *fairy*, *fairies*; *lady*, *ladies*.

When the singular ends in *f* or *fe*, the plural usually ends in *ves*; as, *calf*, *calves*; *half*, *halves*, *knife*, *knives*.

The plural is sometimes formed by adding *en* to the singular; as *ox*, *oxen*; *chick*, *chicken*.

Some

Some words change the singular termination into *en*; as, *man, men; woman, women.*

The plural is sometimes formed by adding *ren* to the singular; as, *child, children;*—and *brother* makes *brothers*, and *brethren.*

Several words form the plural very irregularly; as, *die, dice; mouse, mice; goose, geese; foot, feet; tooth, teeth; penny, pence.*

Some words are the same in both numbers; as, *sheep, deer, swine*, &c.

Some have no plural; as, *wheat, rice, barley.* Others have no singular; as, *ashes, bellows, lungs, tongs.*

Some words, derived immediately from the *Hebrew, Greek*, and *Latin*, form their plural as in their original languages; as, *cherub, cherubim; seraph, seraphim; phænomenon, phænomena; magus, magi; radius, radii.*

Substantives in English have two cases; the nominative and the genitive.

The nominative case is that state of the substantive in which it is only named; as, *a man, the book.*

The genitive case denotes property, or possession; and is formed of the nominative, by adding *s* with an *apostrophe*; as, *the man's house, Alexander's horse.*

Gender is the distinction of sex. So that, properly speaking, there are but two genders; the masculine, which denotes the male kind; as, *a man*; and the feminine, which denotes the female kind; as, *a woman.*

Those words which signify things without life, or that have no distinction of sex, are said to be of the neuter gender; as, *a house, a stone.*

Some words are said to be of the doubtful gender; such as, *child, lamb, sparrow, eagle*, &c.

In

In these the gender is not determined; though we know they must be either masculine or feminine.

Amongst inanimate things, custom and figurative speech occasionally make some masculine, and others feminine; perhaps from some distant analogy they may be supposed to have to the different sexes; thus, *a ship*, *a church*, *a city*, &c. are used as feminines; *the sun*, *death*, &c. as masculines.

There are five different ways of distinguishing the sexes in English.

I. By making use of different words; as

Male.	*Female.*	*Male.*	*Female.*
Bachelor	Maid, virgin	Husband	Wife
Boar	Sow	King	Queen
Boy	Girl	Lad	Lass, or Wench
Bridegroom	Bride		
Brother	Sister	Lord	Lady
Buck	Doe	Man	Woman
Bull	Cow	Master	Mistress
Bullock	Heifer	Milter	Spawner
Cock	Hen	Nephew	Niece
Dog	Bitch	Ram	Ewe
Drake	Duck	Sloven	Slut
Father	Mother	Son	Daughter
Friar	Nun	Stag	Hind
Gander	Goose	Uncle	Aunt
Hero	Heroine	Widower	Widow
Horse	Mare	Wizard	Witch

II. Sometimes another word is added to distinguish the sex; as, *man-servant*.

III. Sometimes the sex is distinguished by the words male and female; as, *a male-child*, *a female-child*.

IV. In two words the termination of the masculine is changed into *ix*; as, *administrator*, *administratrix*; *executor*, *executrix*.

V. But most commonly the feminine is formed by changing the termination of the masculine into *ess*, or adding *ess* to it; as,

Male.	*Female.*	*Male.*	*Female*
Abbot	Abbess	Hunter	Huntress
Actor	Actress	Jew	Jewess
Ambaſſador	Ambassadress	Lion	Lioness
Baron	Baroness	Marquis	Marchioness
Count	Countess	Patron	Patroness
Deacon	Deaconess	Prince	Princess
Duke	Duchess	Prior	Prioress
Elector	Electress	Poet	Poetess
Emperor	Empress	Prophet	Prophetess
Governor	Governéss	Tutor	Tutoress
Heir	Heiress	Viscount	Viscountess.

SECTION III.

OF AN ADJECTIVE.

AN ADJECTIVE is a word added to a substantive, to express its nature, quality, or property; as, *a good man*, *a fine house*, *a pleasant garden*.

" But, O my muse, what numbers wilt thou find,
To ſing the *furious* troops in battle join'd?
Methinks I hear the drum's *tumult'ous* sound,
The victor's shouts, and dying groans confound,
The *dreadful* burst of cannon rend the skies,
And *all* the thunder of the battle riſe."

ADDISON.

Adjectives may be known by putting the word *thing* after them, with which they make good sense; as, *good thing*, *great thing*, *fine thing*.

Adjec-

Adjectives change their endings on account of comparison only.

There are three states of comparison; the positive, comparative, and superlative.

The positive simply expresses the quality; as, *fair*.

The comparative increaseth the signification of the positive; as, *fairer*.—And is formed by adding *r* or *er* to the positive.

The superlative expresseth the highest degree of the quality; as, *fairest*.—And is formed by adding *st* or *est* to the positive.

Adjectives of two or more syllables, are commonly compared by *more* or *most*; as, *pious*, *more pious*, *most pious*.

Some adjectives admit of no comparison; as, *eternal*, *infinite*, *all*, *every*, &c.

The following are very irregular:

Positive.	*Comp.*	*Sup.*
Good	better	best
Bad	worse	worst
Little	less	least
Much, many	more	most
Near	nearer	nearest, next
Late	later	latest, last

"Presumptuous man! the reason would'st thou find,
Why form'd so weak so little and so blind?
First if thou can'st the *harder* reason guess
Why form'd no *weaker*, *blinder*, and no *less*?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or *stronger*, than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are *less* than Jove."

POPE.

" Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of *earliest* birds;————."

MILTON.

SECTION IV.

OF A PRONOUN.

A PRONOUN is a word used *instead* of a substantive, or noun; as, instead of *my own* name, I say *I* or *me*; instead of *his* name, *he*, *his*, or *him*.

" I see the rivers in *their* infant beds!
Deep, deep! *I* hear *them* lab'ring to get free!"

THOMSON.

" What art *thou*, frost! and whence are *thy* keen stores
Derived, *thou* all invading pow'r!"

IBID.

There are three kinds of pronouns; personal, relative, and demonstrative.

The personal pronouns are *I*, *thou*, *he*, *she*, *it*, with their *plurals*.

The relative pronouns (so called because they relate to a substantive going before, or coming after) are *who*, *which*, *what*, and *whether*.

The demonstrative pronouns are *this*, *that*, *one*, *other*, and *the same*.

Pronouns

Pronouns, like substantives, of which they are the substitutes, or representatives, have number, case, and gender.

What has been observed respecting the number and gender of substantives, is applicable to pronouns.

Pronouns have three cases; the nominative, genitive, and accusative.

The nominative and genitive cases, in pronouns, are the same as in substantives, except that the genitive is somewhat differently formed.

The accusative is used after the verb, and receives the force and impression of it: as, "*I love him, her, them.*"

"One morn *I* miss'd *him* on th' accustom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near *his* fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he."

GRAY.

The following pronouns are thus declined:

	Singular.	*Plural.*
N.	I,	We,
G.	my, mine	our, ours,
A.	me.	us.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
N.	Thou,	Ye,
G.	thy, thine,	your, yours,
A.	thee.	you.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
N.	He,	They,
G.	his,	theirs, their,
A.	him.	them.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
N.	She,	They,
G.	her, hers,	theirs, their,
A.	her.	them.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
N.	It,	They,
G.	its,	
A.	it.	them.

Singular and *Plural.*

N. { Who, Whosoever. } G. { whose, whosesoever. } A. { whom, whomsoever.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
N.	One,	Ones,
G.	one's,	
A.	one.	ones.

	Singular.	*Plural.*
N.	Other,	Others,
G.	other's,	others',
A.	other.	others.

Singular.

N. Another G. another's, A. another.

The following pronouns have no cases, but form their plurals thus:

Singular.	*Plural.*
This,	these.
That,	those.
Myself, oneself, ourself,	ourselves.
Thyself, yourself,	yourselves.
Himself, herself, itself,	themselves.

I, thou,

I, thou, he, she, it, are substantives; the rest may be called pronominal adjectives.

SECTION V.

OF A VERB.

A VERB is a *word* which denotes being, doing, or suffering; as, *to read, to be loved, to stand, to be.*

Those verbs which denote action, are called active verbs; as, *to see, to eat.*

Those verbs which denote being only, or the mode or manner of being, are called neuter verbs; as, *to be, to stand, to sit.*

Those which denote suffering, or a being acted upon, are called passive verbs; as, *I am loved, to be loved.*

An active verb is made passive by adding to it *be, am, art, is, are*, &c. as, *I love*, is active; *I am loved*, is passive.

To verbs belong mood, tense, number, and person.

The moods of verbs are the different forms or modes in which they are used, to express the several circumstances in which any thing is, acts, or suffers.

There are five moods; the indicative, imperative, potential, subjunctive, and infinitive.

The indicative declares a thing to be, &c. or not to be; as, *I am, I sing*: or it asks a question; as, *am I? do I sing?*

The imperative commands, or forbids; as, *go thou, sing thou.*

The potential does not strictly assert, as of something certain, but represents it as possible; as, *I may, or can go; I may, or can sing.*

The subjunctive is used to express a thing conditionally, or by way of supposition, and is generally preceded by the words *although, if, unless, except,* as, *unless he come.*

The infinitive denotes the action, being, or suffering of any thing, without any regard to number or person, and has commonly the sign *to* before it; as, *to love, to write, to be.*

Verbs have six tenses, or times; the present preterimperfect, preterperfect, preterpluperfect, future imperfect, and future perfect.

The present denotes the time that now is; as, *I love, or am loving now.*

The preterimperfect represents the action as almost finished, but not quite; as, *I loved, or did love, or was loving.*

The preterperfect represents the action as quite finished; as, *I have loved.*

The preterpluperfect represents the action not only as quite finished, but as finished before some point of time to which there is an allusion in the sentence; as, *I had loved;* that is, before the time you mention, or before such an hour, or day, &c.

The future imperfect represents the action as yet to come, indefinitely and at large; as, *I shall, or will love:* that is, sometime hereafter.

The future perfect represents the action as yet to come, and as intended to be finished by some other future period to which we allude; as, *I shall, or will have loved;* that is, before such an hour, or day, &c.

Verbs

Verbs have two numbers, the singular and the plural; and three persons in each number.

The person speaking is called the first person; as, *I or we love.*—The person spoken to, is called the second person: as, *thou lovest; ye love.*—The person spoken of, is called the third person; as, *he loves, they love.*

There are two moods formed from the verb itself; the indicative, as, *I love;* and the imperative, as, *love thou.*

The verb varies its ending in forming the tenses; as, *I love, I loved.*

The verb is likewise varied in the different numbers and persons; as, *I love, thou lovest, he loves; we love, ye love, they love.*

In forming, or conjugating a regular verb through its several moods and tenses, we make use of other verbs; which are, therefore, called auxiliary, or helping verbs.

The auxiliary verbs are, *shall, will, may, can, have, be, do, let,* and *must.*

Shall, will, may, and *can,* are not regularly conjugated, like the other helping verbs; but have two forms; the absolute and the conditional.

SHALL.

Absolute Form.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I shall,	We shall,
Thou shalt,	Ye shall,
He shall.	They shall.

Conditional Form.

I should,	We should,
Thou shouldest,	Ye should,
He should.	They should.

WILL.

Absolute Form.

I will,	We will,
Thou wilt,	Ye will,
He will.	They will.

Conditional Form.

I would,	We would,
Thou wouldest,	Ye would,
He would.	They would.

MAY.

Absolute Form.

I may,	We may,
Thou mayest,	Ye may,
He may.	They may.

Conditional Form.

I might,	We might,
Thou mightest,	Ye might,
He might.	They might.

CAN.

Absolute Form.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I can,	We can,
Thou canst,	Ye can,
He can.	They can.

Conditional Form

I could,	We could,
Thou couldest,	Ye could,
He could.	They could.

TO HAVE.

INDICATIVE MOOD.

Present Tense.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I have,	We have,
Thou hast,	Ye have,
He hath, or has.	They have.

Preterimperfect Tense.

I had,	We had,
Thou hadst,	Ye had,
He had.	They had.

Preterperfect Tense.

I have had,	We have had,
Thou hast had,	Ye have had,
He hath, or has had.	They have had.

Preter-

PRETERPLUPERFECT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I had had,	We had had,
Thou hadst had,	Ye had had,
He had had.	They had had.

FUTURE IMPERFECT TENSE.

I shall, or will have,	We shall, or will have,
Thou shalt, or wilt have,	Ye shall, or will have,
He shall, or will have.	They shall, or will have

FUTURE PERFECT TENSE.

I shall, or will have had,	We shall, or will have had,
Thou shalt, or wilt have had,	Ye shall, or will have had,
He shall, or will have had.	They shall, or will have had.

IMPERATIVE MOOD.

Singular.	*Plural.*
Let me have,	Let us have,
Have thou, or do thou have,	Have ye, or do ye have,
Let him have.	Let them have.

POTENTIAL MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I may, or can have,	We may, or can have,
Thou mayest, or canst have,	Ye may, or can have,
He may, or can have.	They may, or can have.

PRETER-

PRETERIMPERFECT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I might, could, should, or would have,	We might, could, should, or would have,
Thou mightest, couldest, shouldest, or wouldest have,	Ye might, could, should, or would have,
He might, could, should, or would have.	They might, could, should, or would have.

PRETERPERFECT TENSE.

I may, or can have had,	We may, or can have had,
Thou mayest, or canst have had,	Ye may, or can have had
He may, or can have had.	They may, or can have had.

PRETERPLUPERFECT TENSE.

I might, could, should, or would have had,	We might, could, should, or would have had,
Thou mightest, couldest, shouldest, or wouldest have had,	Ye might, could, should, or would have had,
He might, could, should, or would have had.	They might, could, should, or would have had.

The future tense of this mood is best expressed by the present; as, *I may have* it to-morrow.

SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
If I have	If we have,
If thou have,	If ye have,
If he have.	If they have.

PRETERIMPERFECT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
If I had,	If we had,
If thou had,	If ye had,
If he had.	If they had.

PRETERPERFECT TENSE.

If I have had,	If we have had,
If thou have had,	If ye have had,
If he have had.	If they have had.

PRETERPLUPERFECT TENSE.

If I had had,	If we had had,
If thou had had,	If ye had had,
If he had had.	If they had had.

FUTURE IMPERFECT TENSE.

If I shall, or will have,	If we shall, or will have,
If thou shall, or will have,	If ye shall, or will have,
If he shall, or will have.	If they shall, or will have.

FUTURE PERFECT TENSE.

If I shall, or will have had,	If we shall, or will have had,
If thou shall, or will have had,	If ye shall, or will have had,
If he shall, or will have had.	If they shall, or will have had.

INFINITIVE MOOD.

Present. To have. | *Preterperfect.* To have had.

PARTICIPLE.

Present. Having. | *Preterperfect.* Had.

TO

TO BE.

INDICATIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I am,	We are,
Thou art,	Ye are,
He is.	They are.

PRETERIMPERFECT TENSE.

I was,	We were,
Thou wast,	Ye were,
He was.	They were.

PRETERPERFECT TENSE.

I have been,	We have been,
Thou hast been,	Ye have been,
He hath, or has been.	They have been.

PRETERPLUPERFECT TENSE.

I had been,	We had been,
Thou hadst been,	Ye had been,
He had been.	They had been.

FUTURE IMPERFECT TENSE.

I shall, or will be,	We shall, or will be,
Thou shalt, or wilt be,	Ye shall, or will be,
He shall, or will be.	They shall, or will be.

FUTURE PERFECT TENSE.

I shall, or will have been,	We shall, or will have been,
Thou shalt, or wilt have been,	Ye shall, or will have been,
He shall, or will have been.	They shall, or will have been.

IMPERATIVE MOOD.

Singular.	*Plural.*
Let me be,	Let us be,
Be thou, or do thou be,	Be ye, or do ye be,
Let him be.	Let them be.

POTENTIAL MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I may, or can be,	We may, or can be,
Thou mayest, or canst be	Ye may, or can be,
He may, or can be.	They may, or can be.

PRETERIMPERFECT TENSE.

I might, could, should, or would be,	We might, could, should, or would be,
Thou mightest, couldest, shouldest, or wouldest be,	Ye might, could, should, or would be,
He might, could, should, or would be.	They might, could, should, or would be.

PRETERPERFECT TENSE.

I may, or can have been,	We may, or can have been,
Thou mayest, or canst have been,	Ye may, or can have been,
He may, or can have been.	They may, or can have been.

PRETER-

PRETERPLUPERFECT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I might, could, should, or would have been,	We might, could, should, or would have been,
Thou mightest, couldest, shouldest, or wouldest have been,	Ye might, could, should, or would have been,
He might, could, should, or would have been.	They might, could, should, or would have been.

SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
If I be,	If we be,
If thou be,	If ye be,
If he be.	If they be.

PRETERIMPERFECT TENSE.

If I were,	If we were,
If thou wert,	If ye were,
If he were.	If they were.

PRETERPERFECT TENSE.

If I have been,	If we have been,
If thou have been,	If ye have been,
If he have been.	If they have been.

PRETERPLUPERFECT TENSE.

If I had been,	If we had been,
If thou had been,	If ye had been,
If he had been.	If they had been.

FUTURE IMPERFECT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
If I shall, or will be,	If we shall, or will be,
If thou shall, or will be,	If ye shall, or will be,
If he shall, or will be.	If they shall, or will be.

FUTURE PERFECT TENSE.

If I shall, or will have been,	If we shall, or will have been,
If thou shall, or will have been,	If ye shall, or will have been,
If he shall, or will have been.	If they shall, or will have been.

INFINITIVE MOOD.

Present. To be. | *Preterperfect.* To have been.

PARTICIPLE.

Present. Being. | *Preterperfect.* Been.

TO DO.

INDICATIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I do,	We do,
Thou doest, or dost,	Ye do,
He doeth, or does.	They do.

PRETERIMPERFECT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I did,	We did,
Thou didst,	Ye did,
He did.	They did.

PRETERPERFECT TENSE.

I have done,	We have done,
Thou hast done,	Ye have done,
He hath, or has done.	They have done.

PRETERPLUPERFECT TENSE.

I had done,	We had done,
Thou hadst done,	Ye had done,
He had done.	They had done.

FUTURE IMPERFECT TENSE.

I shall or will do,	We shall, or will do,
Thou shalt, or wilt do,	Ye shall, or will do,
He shall, or will do.	They shall, or will do.

FUTURE PERFECT TENSE.

I shall, or will have done,	We shall, or will have done,
Thou shalt, or wilt have done,	Ye shall, or will have done,
He shall, or will have done.	They shall, or will have done.

IMPERATIVE MOOD.

Singular.	*Plural.*
Let me do,	Let us do,
Do thou, or do thou do,	Do ye, or do ye do,
Let him do.	Let them do.

POTEN-

POTENTIAL MOOD.

Present Tense.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I may, or can do,	We may, or can do,
Thou mayest, or canst do,	Ye may, or can do,
He may, or can do.	They may, or can do.

Preterimperfect Tense.

I might, could, should, or would do,	We might, could, should, or would do,
Thou mightest, couldest, shouldest, or wouldest do,	Ye might, could, should, or would do,
He might, could, should, or would do.	They might, could, should, or would do.

Preterperfect Tense.

I may, or can have done,	We may, or can have done,
Thou mayest, or canst have done,	Ye may, or can have done,
He may, or can have done.	They may, or can have done.

Preterpluperfect Tense.

I might, could, should, or would have done,	We might, could, should, or would have done,
Thou mightest, couldest, shouldest, or wouldest have done,	Ye might, could, should, or would have done,
He might, could, should, or would have done.	They might, could, should, or would have done.

SUBJUNC-

SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.

Present Tense.

Singular.	*Plural.*
If I do,	If we do,
If thou do,	If ye do,
If he do.	If they do.

Preterimperfect Tense.

If I did,	If we did,
If thou did,	If ye did,
If he did.	If they did.

Preterperfect Tense.

If I have done,	If we have done,
If thou have done,	If ye have done,
If he have done.	If they have done.

Preterpluperfect Tense.

If I had done,	If we had done,
If thou had done,	If ye had done,
If he had done.	If they had done.

Future Imperfect Tense.

If I shall, or will do,	If we shall, or will do,
If thou shall, or will do,	If ye shall, or will do,
If he shall, or will do.	If they shall, or will do.

Future Perfect Tense.

If I shall, or will have done,	If we shall, or will have done,
If thou shall, or will have done,	If ye shall, or will have done,
If he shall, or will have done.	If they shall, or will have done.

INFI-

INFINITIVE MOOD.

Present. To do. | *Preterperfect.* To have done.

PARTICIPLE.

Present. Doing. | *Preterperfect.* Done.

The active verb, *to do*, is declined as above; as an auxiliary it is only used in the present and preterimperfect tenses of the indicative and subjunctive moods.

Let and *must* are not conjugated; having, as auxiliaries, no variation.

ACTIVE VERB.

TO LOVE

INDICATIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I love,	We love,
Thou lovest,	Ye love,
He loveth, or loves.	They love.

PRETERIMPERFECT TENSE.

I loved,	We loved,
Thou lovedst,	Ye loved,
He loved.	They loved.

PRETERPERFECT TENSE.

I have loved,	We have loved,
Thou hast loved,	Ye have loved,
He hath, or has loved.	They have loved.

PRETER-

PRETERPLUPERFECT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I had loved,	We had loved,
Thou hadst loved,	Ye had loved,
He had loved.	They had loved

FUTURE IMPERFECT TENSE.

I shall, or will love,	We shall, or will love,
Thou shalt, or wilt love,	Ye shall, or will love,
He shall, or will love.	They shall, or will love.

FUTURE PERFECT TENSE.

I shall, or will have loved,	We shall, or will have loved,
Thou shalt, or wilt have loved,	Ye shall, or will have loved,
He shall, or will have loved.	They shall, or will have loved.

IMPERATIVE MOOD.

Singular.	*Plural.*
Let me love,	Let us love,
Love thou, or do thou love,	Love ye, or do ye love,
Let him love.	Let them love.

POTENTIAL MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I may, or can love,	We may, or can love,
Thou mayest, or canst love,	Ye may, or can love,
He may, or can love.	They may, or can love.

PRETER-

PRETERIMPERFECT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I might, could, should, or would love,	We might, could, should, or would love,
Thou mightest, couldest, shouldest, or wouldest love,	Ye might, could, should, or would love.
He might, could, should, or would love.	They might, could, should, or would love.

PRETERPERFECT TENSE.

I may, or can have loved,	We may, or can have loved,
Thou mayest, or canst have loved,	Ye may, or can have loved,
He may, or can have loved.	They may, or can have loved.

PRETERPLUPERFECT TENSE.

I might, could, should, or would have loved.	We might, could, should, or would have loved,
Thou mightest, couldest, shouldest, or wouldest have loved,	Ye might, could, should, or would have loved,
He might, could, should, or would have loved.	They might, could, should, or would have loved.

SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
If I love,	If we love,
If thou love,	If ye love,
If he love.	If they love.

PRETER-

PRETERIMPERFECT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
If I loved,	If we loved,
If thou loved,	If ye loved,
If he loved.	If they loved

PRETERPERFECT TENSE.

If I have loved,	If we have loved,
If thou have loved,	If ye have loved,
If he have loved.	If they have loved.

PRETERPLUPERFECT TENSE.

If I had loved,	If we had loved,
If thou had loved,	If ye had loved,
If he had loved.	If they had loved.

FUTURE IMPERFECT TENSE.

If I shall, or will love,	If we shall, or will love,
If thou shall, or will love,	If ye shall, or will love,
If he shall, or will love.	If they shall, or will love.

FUTURE PERFECT TENSE.

If I shall, or will have loved,	If we shall, or will have loved,
If thou shall, or will have loved,	If ye shall, or will have loved,
If he shall, or will have loved.	If they shall, or will have loved.

INFINITIVE MOOD.

Present. To love. | *Preterperfect.* To have loved.

PARTICIPLE.

Present Loving. | *Preterperfect.* Loved.

There is another method of conjugating the active verb by adding the participle present to the auxiliary verb *to be;* thus, instead of saying, *I love, thou lovest, he loves;* we may say, *I am loving, thou art loving, he is loving:* And so on through all the moods and tenses.

PASSIVE VERB.

TO BE LOVED.

INDICATIVE MOOD

PRESENT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I am loved,	We are loved,
Thou art loved,	Ye are loved,
He is loved.	They are loved.

PRETERIMPERFECT TENSE.

I was loved,	We were loved,
Thou wast loved,	Ye were loved,
He was loved.	They were loved.

PRETERPERFECT TENSE.

I have been loved,	We have been loved,
Thou hast been loved,	Ye have been loved,
He hath, or has been loved	They have been loved.

PRETERPLUPERFECT TENSE.

I had been loved,	We had been loved,
Thou hadst been loved,	Ye had been loved,
He had been loved.	They had been loved.

FUTURE

FUTURE IMPERFECT TENSE

Singular.	*Plural.*
I shall, or will be loved,	We shall, or will be loved,
Thou shalt, or wilt be loved,	Ye shall, or will be loved,
He shall, or will be loved.	They shall, or will be loved.

FUTURE PERFECT TENSE.

I shall, or will have been loved,	We shall, or will have been loved,
Thou shalt, or wilt have been loved,	Ye shall, or will have been loved,
He shall, or will have been loved.	They shall, or will have been loved

IMPERATIVE MOOD.

Singular.	*Plural.*
Let me be loved,	Let us be loved,
Be thou loved, or do thou be loved,	Be ye loved, or do ye be loved,
Let him be loved.	Let them be loved.

POTENTIAL MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I may, or can be loved,	We may, or can be loved,
Thou mayest, or canst be loved,	Ye may, or can be loved,
He may, or can be loved.	They may, or can be loved.

PRETERIMPERFECT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I might, could, should, or would be loved,	We might, could, should, or would be loved,
Thou mightest, couldest, shouldest, or wouldest be loved,	Ye might, could, should, or would be loved,
He might, could, should, or would be loved.	They might, could, should, or would be loved.

PRETERPERFECT TENSE.

I may, or can have been loved,	We may, or can have been loved,
Thou mayest, or canst have been loved,	Ye may, or can have been loved,
He may, or can have been loved.	They may, or can have been loved.

PRETERPLUPERFECT TENSE.

I might, could, should, or would have been loved,	We might, could, should, or would have been loved,
Thou mightest, couldest, shouldest, or wouldest have been loved,	Ye might, could, should, or would have been loved,
He might, could, should, or would have been loved.	They might, could, should, or would have been loved.

SUBJUNC-

SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE

Singular.	*Plural.*
If I be loved,	If we be loved,
If thou be loved,	If ye be loved,
If he be loved.	If they be loved.

PRETERIMPERFECT TENSE.

If I were loved,	If we were loved,
If thou wert loved,	If ye were loved,
If he were loved.	If they were loved.

PRETERPERFECT TENSE.

If I have been loved,	If we have been loved,
If thou have been loved,	If ye have been loved,
If he have been loved.	If they have been loved.

PRETERPLUPERFECT TENSE.

If I had been loved,	If we had been loved,
If thou had been loved,	If ye had been loved,
If he had been loved.	If they had been loved.

FUTURE IMPERFECT TENSE.

If I shall, or will be loved,	If we shall, or will be loved,
If thou shall, or will be loved,	If ye shall, or will be loved,
If he shall, or will be loved.	If they shall, or will be loved.

FUTURE PERFECT TENSE.

If I shall, or will have been loved,	If we shall, or will have been loved,
If thou shall, or will have been loved,	If ye shall, or will have been loved,
If he shall, or will have been loved.	If they shall, or will have been loved.

INFINITIVE MOOD.

Present.	*Preterperfect.*
To be loved.	To have been loved.

PARTICIPLE.

Preterperfect. Loved.

Those verbs which do not make the preterperfect tense and the participle perfect in *ed*, are called irregular verbs; this irregularity is only in the preter tenses, in all other respects they are conjugated like regular verbs.

It is very common with the best writers to change the regular termination *ed* into *t*; as, *stopt, puft, fixt, mixt*; for *stopped, puffed, fixed, mixed.*

IRREGULAR VERBS.

TO GO.

INDICATIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I go,	We go,
Thou goest,	Ye go,
He goeth, or goes.	They go.

PRETERIMPERFECT TENSE.

I went,	We went,
Thou went,	Ye went,
He went,	They went.

PRETER-

PRETERPERFECT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I have gone,	We have gone,
Thou hast gone,	Ye have gone,
He hath, or has gone.	They have gone.

PRETERPLUPERFECT TENSE.

I had gone,	We had gone,
Thou hadst gone,	Ye had gone,
He had gone.	They had gone.

FUTURE IMPERFECT TENSE.

I shall, or will go,	We shall, or will go,
Thou shalt, or wilt go,	Ye shall, or will go,
He shall, or will go.	They shall, or will go.

FUTURE PERFECT TENSE.

I shall, or will have gone,	We shall, or will have gone,
Thou shalt, or wilt have gone,	Ye shall, or will have gone,
He shall, or will have gone.	They shall, or will have gone.

IMPERATIVE MOOD.

Singular.	*Plural.*
Let me go,	Let us go,
Go thou, or do thou go,	Go ye, or do ye go,
Let him go.	Let them go.

POTENTIAL MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I may, or can go,	We may, or can go,
Thou mayest, or canst go,	Ye may, or can go,
He may, or can go.	They may, or can go.

PRETER-

PRETERIMPERFECT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I might, could, should, or would go,	We might, could, should, or would go,
Thou mightest, couldest, shouldest, or wouldest go,	Ye might, could, should, or would go,
He might, could, should, or would go.	They might, could, should, or would go.

PRETERPERFECT TENSE.

I may, or can have gone,	We may, or can have gone,
Thou mayest, or canst have gone,	Ye may, or can have gone,
He may, or can have gone.	They may, or can have gone.

PRETERPLUPERFECT TENSE.

I might, could, should, or would have gone,	We might, could, should, or would have gone,
Thou mightest, couldest, shouldest, or wouldest have gone,	Ye might, could, should, or would have gone,
He might, could, should, or would have gone.	They might, could, should, or would have gone.

SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
If I go,	If we go,
If thou go,	If ye go,
If he go.	If they go.

PRETERIMPERFECT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
If I went,	If we went,
If thou went,	If ye went,
If he went.	If they went.

PRETERPERFECT TENSE.

If I have gone,	If we have gone,
If thou have gone,	If ye have gone,
If he have gone.	If they have gone.

PRETERPLUPERFECT TENSE.

If I had gone,	If we had gone,
If thou had gone,	If ye had gone,
If he had gone.	If they had gone.

FUTURE IMPERFECT TENSE.

If I shall, or will go,	If we shall, or will go,
If thou shall, or will go,	If ye shall, or will go,
If he shall, or will go.	If they shall, or will go.

FUTURE PERFECT TENSE.

If I shall, or will have gone,	If we shall, or will have gone,
If thou shall, or will have gone,	If ye shall, or will have gone,
If he shall, or will have gone.	If they shall, or will have gone.

INFINITIVE MOOD.

Present. To go. | *Preterperfect.* To have gone

PARTICIPLE.

Present. Going. | *Preterperfect.* Gone.

Some

Some words are defective, that is, they cannot be conjugated through all the moods and tenses; as,

TO DARE.

(TO VENTURE.)

INDICATIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I dare,	We dare,
Thou darest,	Ye dare,
He dares, or dareth.	They dare.

PRETERIMPERFECT TENSE.

I durst,	We durst,
Thou durst,	Ye durst,
He durst.	They durst.

FUTURE TENSE.

I shall, or will dare,	We shall, or will dare,
Thou shalt, or wilt dare,	Ye shall, or will dare,
He shall, or will dare.	They shall, or will dare.

SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
If I dare,	If we dare,
If thou dare,	If ye dare,
If he dare.	If they dare.

PRETERIMPERFECT TENSE.

If I durst,	If we durst,
If thou durst,	If ye durst,
If he durst.	If they durst.

FUTURE

FUTURE TENSE

Singular.	*Plural.*
If I shall, or will dare,	If we shall, or will dare,
If thou shall, or will dare,	If ye shall, or will dare,
He shall, or will dare.	If they shall, or will dare,

INFINITIVE MOOD.

Present. To dare. | *Preterperfect.* To have dared.

PARTICIPLE.

Present. Daring.

Imperatively. Dare to do it.

Interrogatively. Dare you do it?

OUGHT.

INDICATIVE MOOD.

PRESENT AND FUTURE TENSES.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I ought,	We ought,
Thou oughtest,	Ye ought,
He ought.	They ought.

SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
If I ought,	If we ought,
If thou ought,	If ye ought,
If he ought.	If they ought.

WOT (TO KNOW.)

INDICATIVE MOOD.

PRESENT TENSE.

Singular.	*Plural.*
I wot,	Wot ye?
He woteth.	They wot.

PRETERIMPERFECT TENSE.

I wist,	Wist ye?
He wist.	They wist.

QUOTH (TO SAY).

Quoth I.	Quoth he.

A TABLE OF VERBS,

IRREGULARLY CONJUGATED.

Those marked with an Asterism (*) are conjugated both regularly and irregularly.

Present.	*Pret.*	*Part. p.*
ABIDE.	abode	
Am	was	been
Arise	arose	arisen
Awake	awoke*	awoke*
Bake	baked	baked, baken
Bear	bare, bore	born
Beat	beat	beaten
Begin	began	begun
Behold	beheld	beheld

Bend

Present.	*Pret.*	*Part. p.*
Bend	bent	bent
Bereave	bereft*	bereft*
Beseech	besought	besought*
Bid	bade	bidden
Bind	bound	bound
Bite	bit	bitten
Bleed	bled	bled
Blow	blew	blown
Break	brake, broke	broke, broken
Breed	bred	bred
Bring	brought	brought
Build	built*	built*
Burst	burst	burst, bursten
Buy	bought	bought
Can	could	
Cast	cast	cast
Catch	caught*	caught*
Chide	chid	chidden
Chuse	chose	chosen
Cleave	clave, clove*	cloven, cleft*
Cling	clang, clung	clung
Clothe	clad*	clad*
Come	came	come
Cost	cost	cost
Creep	crept*	crept*
Crow	crew	crowed
Cut	cut	cut
Dare	durst*	dared
Deal	dealt	dealt
Die	died	dead
Dig	dug*	dug
Do	did	done
Draw	drew	drawn
Dream	dreamt*	dreamed

Present.	*Pret.*	*Part. p.*
Drink	drank	drunk
Drive	drove	driven
Eat	ate	eaten
Fall	fell	fallen
Feed	fed	fed
Feel	felt	felt
Fight	fought	fought
Find	found	found
Flee	fled	fled
Fling	flung	flung
Fly	flew	flown
Fold	folded	folden*
Forsake	forsook	forsaken
Freeze	froze	frozen
Freight	freighted	fraught
Get	gat, got	got, gotten
Geld	gelt*	gelded
Gild	gilt*	gilt*
Girt	girt*	girt*
Give	gave	given
Go	went	gone
Grave	graved	graven*
Grind	ground	ground
Grow	grew	grown
Hang	hung*	hung*
Have	had	
Hear	heard	heard
Heave	hove*	hoven*
Help	helped	holpen*
Hew	hewed	hewen*
Hide	hid	hidden
Hit	hit	hit
Hold	held	holden, held
Hurt	hurt	hurt

Present.	*Pret.*	*Part. p.*
Keep	kept	kept
Knit	knitted	knit, knitten
Know	knew	known
Lade	laded	laden
Lay	laid	laid, lain
Lead	led	led
Leap	leapt*	leapt
Leave	left	left
Lend	lent	lent
Let	let	let
Lie	lay	lain, lien
Load	loaded	loaden, laden*
Lose	lost	lost
Make	made	made
May	might	
Meet	met	met
Melt	melted	molten
Mow	mowed	mown*
Must		
Ought	ought	
Owe	owed	owen*
Pay	paid	paid
Put	put	put
Quit	quit*	quit*
Read	read	read
Rend	rent	rent
Rid	rid	rid
Ride	rode	ridden
Ring	rang, rung	rung
Rise	rose	risen
Rive	rived	riven
Rot	rotted	rotten
Run	ran	run
Say	said	said

Present.	*Pret.*	*Part. p*
Saw	sawed	sawn*
See	saw	seen
Seek	sought	sought
Seethe	seethed	sodden
Sell	sold	sold
Send	sent	sent
Set	set	set
Shake	shook	shaken
Shape	shaped	shapen*
Shall	should	
Shave	shaved	shaven*
Shear	shore*	shorn
Shed	shed	shed
Shew	shewed	shewn*
Shine	shone	shined
Sink	sank, sunk	sunk
Shoe	shod	shod
Shoot	shot	shot
Show	showed	shown*
Shrink	shrank, shrunk	shrunk
Shrive	shrove	shriven
Shut	shut	shut
Sing	sang, sung	sung
Sink	sank	sunk
Sit	sat	sat, sitten
Slay	slew	slain
Slide	slid*	slidden
Slink	slunk	slunk
Sling	slang, slung	slung
Slit	slit	slit
Smite	smote	smitten
Snow	snowed	snown*
Sow	sowed	sowen
Speak	spake, spoke	spoken

Present.	*Pret.*	*Part p.*
Speed	sped	sped
Spell	spelt	spelt
Spend	spent	spent
Spin	span, spun	spun
Spit	spat	spitten
Split	split	split
Spread	spread	spread
Spring	sprang, sprung	sprung
Stand	stood	stood
Steal	stole	stolen, stoln
Stick	stuck	stuck
Sting	stung	stung
Stink	stank, stunk	stunk
Stride	strode	stridden
Strike	struck	struck, strucken stricken
String	strung	strung
Strive	strove*	striven
Strow	strowed	strown
Sweep	swept	swept
Swear	sware, swore	sworn
Sweat	sweat, swet	sweat*
Swell	swelled	swollen, swoln
Swim	swam, swum	swum
Swing	swung	swung
Take	took	taken
Teach	taught	taught
Tear	tore, tare	torn
Tell	told	told
Think	thought	thought
Thrive	throve	thriven
Throw	threw	thrown
Thrust	thrust	thrust
Tread	trod	trodden

Present.	*Pret.*	*Part p.*
Trow		
Wax	waxed	waxen*
Wear	wore	worn
Weave	wove	woven
Weep	wept	wept
Wet	wet	wet
Will	would	
Win	wan, won	won
Wind	wound	wound
Work	wrought	wrought
Wreath	wreathed	wreathen
Writhe	writhed	writhen
Write	wrote, writ	written
Wot	wist	

SECTION VI.

OF A PARTICIPLE.

A PARTICIPLE is an *adjective* derived of a verb, and partakes of the properties of a *verb*.

There are two participles formed from most verbs; the present, or active participle, which ends in *ing*; as, *loving*, *hating*; and the preterperfect, or passive participle, which mostly ends in *ed*; as, *loved*, *hated*.

When the passive participle is not the same as the preterimperfect tense of the verb, or when either of them do not end in *ed*, the verb is said to be irregular.—See the preceding table of irregular verbs.

Some

Some verbs ending in *t* and *d* are the same in the present and preterimperfect tense, and in the passive participle; as, *cast, cost, hit, read, rent*, &c.

"First of your kind! society divine!
Still visit thus my nights, for you *reserv'd*,
And mount my *soaring* soul to thoughts like your's:
Silence, thou lonely pow'r, the door be thine;
See on the *hallow'd* hour that none intrude,
Save a few *chosen* friends, who sometimes deign
To bless my humble roof, with sense *refin'd*,
Learning *digested* well, *exalted* faith,
Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay."

THOMSON.

SECTION VII.

OF AN ADVERB.

AN ADVERB is a part of speech *joined to a verb*, adjective, &c. to restrain and qualify their signification; as, "He reads *distinctly*," "A *very* fine house," &c.

Adverbs are variously denominated, according to their various significations; as, of order, time, place, distance, motion, quantity, quality, &c.

Some adverbs are compared; as, *often, oftener, oftenest; soon, sooner, soonest; well, better, best; happily, more happy, most happily.*

Many words are used both as adjectives and adverbs; as, *more, most, little, less, least, weekly, monthly, yearly*, &c.

Substan-

Substantives are sometimes used as adverbs; as, *yesterday*, *to-day*, *to-morrow*.

In poetry, adjectives are very frequently used for adverbs; as,

" The vineyard swells, *refulgent* on the day,
Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs
Profuse, and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze,
Low bend the weighty boughs; the clusters clear
Half through the foliage seen, or *ardent* flame,
Or shine *transparent*, while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew."

THOMSON.

SECTION VIII.

OF A CONJUNCTION.

A CONJUNCTION is a part of speech, which is used to *join* words or sentences *together*.

Of conjunctions, some are copulative and some disjunctive.

A conjunction copulative joins sentences together, and denotes a continuation of the sense; as, He is a good man, *and* a scholar."

A conjunction disjunctive connects and continues the sentence; but denotes more or less, an opposition in the sense; as, " I went, *but* did not succeed."

" *Nor* would the Nile more watry stores contain,
But that he stagnates on the Lybian plain;
Nor would the Danube run with greater force,
But that he gathers in his tedious course
Ten thousand streams; *and* swelling as he goes,
In Scythian seas the glut of rivers throws."

ROWE.

SECTION

SECTION IX.

OF A PREPOSITION.

PREPOSITIONS are usually *placed before* the words to which they relate, and are used to shew the relation betwixt one word and another.

Those relations, which in some languages are signified by cases, or different terminations of the substantive, adjective, or pronoun, are, in English, expressed by prepositions.

Prepositions are very often prefixed to verbs, and considered as a part of them; as, *outrun, overcome, undergo.*

Such prepositions as are used in composition only, are called inseparable prepositions; as, *a, be, con, mis, un, &c. abide, bestride, conjoin, mistake, undo.*

" *For* him alone, Hope leads *from* goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens *on* his soul?
'Till lengthen'd on *to* Faith, and *un*confin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why nature plants *in* man alone
Hope *of* known bliss, and Faith *in* bliss *un*known:
(Nature, whose dictates *to* no other kind
Are given *in* vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise *in* her present; she *con*nects *in* this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect *to* be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest."

POPE.

SECTION

SECTION X.

OF AN INTERJECTION.

AN INTERJECTION, *thrown in between* the parts of a sentence, is expressive of some affection, or passion of the mind; as, *ah! alas! phy! foh!*

"*Oh* thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Draper, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!"

POPE.

"By charms like thine, which all my soul have won,
Who might not—*ah!* who would not be undone?"

IBID.

"*Alas* how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!"

IBID.

SYNTAX:

OR THE

THIRD PART OF GRAMMAR.

SYNTAX, or construction, is the proper disposition of words in a sentence.

Syntax is usually divided into two parts; concord and regimen.

Concord is the agreement of one word with another, in number, case, gender, or person.

Regimen, or government, is when one word requires another to be put in some particular case or mood.

There are some necessary Rules in English Syntax which cannot properly be arranged under either of these divisions.

SECTION

SECTION I.

RULES OF CONCORD.

THE verb agrees with its nominative case in number and person; as,

"*I love, thou lovest, he loves; we love, ye love, they love.*"

"Meantime in shades of night *Æneas lies;*
Care seiz'd his soul, and *sleep forsook* his eyes.
But when the *sun restor'd* the chearful day,
He rose, the coast and country to survey,
Anxious and eager to discover more:
It look'd a wild uncultivated shore.
But whether *human kind*, or *beasts* alone
Possess'd the new-found region was unknown."

DRYDEN.

Two or more nominatives singular, with a conjunction copulative betwixt them, will have a verb plural; as,

"*Homer, Virgil*, and *Milton were* great poets.
"*I* and *you are* reading Corderius."

"*Despair* and *rage* and *love divide* her heart;
Despair and *rage had* some, but love the greater part."

IBID.

A noun of multitude singular may agree with the verb either in the singular or plural number; as,

"The *flock feed*, or *feeds*. The *fleet sail*, or *sails*."

"The Tyrian *train* admitted to the feast,
Approach, and on the painted couches *rest*."

IBID.

"The

" The *crowd asserts*, and with redoubled cries,
For the proud challenger *demands* the prize."
DRYDEN.

If the noun of multitude do not imply a plurality of idea, it is more properly joined with a verb in the singular number; as,

" The *city is* very rich."

" There *was* their *fleet* conceal'd: We thought for Greece
The sails were hoisted, and our fears release."
IBID.

Sometimes an infinitive mood, or a clause of a sentence, is the nominative to a verb; as,

" *To study is* commendable."
" *To rise early is* healthful."

" Were death deny'd, poor man would live in vain;
Were death deny'd, *to live would* not be life."
YOUNG.

Pronouns must agree with the substantives which they relate to, or are used for, in number, person, and gender; as,

" The *man*, *he*, whom you saw yesterday, has lost part of *his* estate." " The *lady* has taken *her* coach." " The *sea* rages, *it* foams."

" *Her* long with ardent look *his* eye pursu'd
Delighted, but desired more *her* stay.
Oft *he* to *her his* charge of quick return
Repeated; *she* to *him* as oft engag'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r."
MILTON.

The neuter pronoun *it* is often joined with a substantive, or pronoun of the masculine or feminine gender; as,

" *It* is I." " *It* was the *woman*."
" *It* is the *man*."

" *'Tis* thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night."

POPE.

When two or more substantives or pronouns of the singular number are connected in a sentence, the pronoun which relates to them must be in the plural number; as,

" The *gentleman* and his *lady* are gone in *their* own coach."

" An island in the Ægian sea appears,
Neptune and watery *Doris* claim it *theirs*."

DRYDEN.

When two or more substantives or pronouns of different persons, are joined in a sentence, in making the plural pronoun to agree with them in person, the second takes place of the third, and the first of both; as,

" *He* and *you*, and *I* spoke *our* sentiments freely." " The *man* and *I* took it with *us*."

The pronominal adjectives *this* and *that*, must agree with their substantives in number; as,

" *This man; these men.*" *That house; those houses.*"

" *This book-case* with dark booty almost burst,
This forager on other's wisdom, leaves
Her native farm, her reason quite untill'd."

YOUNG.

——— ——— "Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not *these eyes*" ——— ———.

MILTON.

The distributive pronominal adjectives *each*, *every*, and *either*, agree with substantives, pronouns and verbs of the singular number only; as,

"*Each man. Every man. Either the man or the woman.*"

"*Each* gentle *breast* with kindly warmth she moves,
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves."

DRYDEN.

"In *every work* regard the author's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend."

POPE.

——— ——— ——— "Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flattered; but he neither loves,
Nor *either* cares for him" ——— ——— ———.

SHAKESPEAR.

We must make use of the relative *who*, or *whom*, when we speak of persons; and of *which*, when we speak of things; as,

"We should always avoid a *man who* is notoriously wicked; though he may have some *qualifications which* are worthy of imitation."

"For *whom* should Sappho use such arts as these?
He's gone *whom* only she desir'd to please."

POPE.

"Ye rugged *rocks! which* holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns, shagg'd with horrid thorn."

IBID.

The

The relative *that*, may be applied both to persons and things; as,

"The *man that* you saw."

"The *book that* you bought."

——"Thence we look'd tow'rd England,
And cited up a thousand heavy *times*,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us"——.

SHAKESPEAR.

"What! *he that* wishes for more men from England?"

IBID.

When a question is asked, by the relative *who*, *what*, or *which*, and the answer is returned by the pronoun, the relative and the pronoun must be in the same case; as

Q. *Who* is there? A. *I*.

Q. *What* do you want? A. *This*.

Q. *Whom* do you call? A. *Him*.

Q. *Which* will you have? A. *That*.

Q. *Whose* is it? A. *His*, *hers*.

You is frequently used in the singular for *thou*, but nevertheless requires a plural verb; as,

"*You are* the man."

"*You have* said it."

"Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And since *you know you cannot* see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself,
That of yourself which yet *you know* not of."

IBID.

When the verb, *to be*, comes between two substantives, or pronouns, of different numbers, it will

best agree with that which immediately precedes it; as,

"The *heavens are* a canopy."

"The total *sum is* five pounds."

When *that* and *this* relate to two antecedents, *that* is used for the former, and *this* for the latter; as,

"*Virtue* and *vice* are opposites; *that* is an ornament, but *this* is a disgrace."

"*Self-love*, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole:
Man but for *that* no action could attend,
And but for *this* were active to no end."

POPE.

If there be no nominative case expressed or understood, between the relative and the verb, the relative is the nominative to the verb; as,

"The boy *who is* diligent, is commendable.

"The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,
And all *who told* it added something new,
And all *who heard* it made enlargements too,
In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew."

IBID.

SECTION II.

RULES OF REGIMEN.

A Pronoun following an active verb, or participle, must be in the accusative case; as,

"I praise *him*."

"He advised *me*."

"The

" The master is instructing *them*."

" O come! oh teach *me* nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, *myself*—and *you*."
POPE.

The verb *to be* will have a nominative after it; as, " I am *he*."

If a nominative, expressed or understood, come between the relative and the verb, the verb will govern the relative in the accusative; as,

" The man *whom we* saw."
" The boys *whom* they sent."

When two verbs come together, the latter is put in the infinitive mood; as,

" I *come to see*."
" I *desire to be heard*."

" I *ought to grieve*, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault."
IBID.

The particle *to* is generally omitted after the verbs *bid*, *dare*, *feel*, *let*, *make*, *need*, *hear*, *see*; as,

" I *bade* him go."
" I *dare do* it."
" I *saw* him *come*."
" I *heard* him *say*."

One substantive sometimes governs another in the genitive case; as,

" *Peter's* book." " *Diana's* bow."

" So *Zembla's* rocks (the beauteous works of froft)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coaft;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on the impassive ice the lightnings play."
IBID.

Prepositions govern the accusative case of the pronoun; as,

"I went *to him*."
"I talked *with her*."

"How many forms of being wait *on thee!*
Inhaling spirit, from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam."

THOMSON.

The conjunctions *if*, *although*, *until*, *whether*, *except*, &c. require the verb to be in the subjunctive mood; as,

"*If* thou *know not*."
"*Although* he *come*."
"*Until* the day *break*."
"*Whether* he *regard* or not."
"*Except* the sun *shine*."

"*If* her inward worth *were known*,
She might ever live alone."

WATTS.

Lest and *must*, following a command, require a subjunctive mood; as,

"Let him that standeth, take heed *lest he fall*."
"Take heed that thou *speak* not to Jacob."

The interjections *O! oh!* and *ah!* govern the accusative case of a pronoun of the first person; as, *O me! Oh me! Ah me!*

SECTION

SECTION III.

RULES,

Which do not properly come under either Concord *or* Regimen.

THE article *a* or *an* is used only with a substantive singular; *a* before a consonant, and *an* before a vowel; as, *a dog*, *an eel*.

The is prefixed to substantives, either in the singular or plural number, beginning either with a vowel or a consonant; as, *the house*, *the houses*, *the angel*, *the angels*.

"And must *the hero*, that redeem'd our land,
Here in *the front* of vice and scandal stand!
The man of wond'rous soul that scorn'd his ease,
Tempting *the wintry* and *the faithless seas*,
And paid *an annual* tribute of his life,
To guard his England from *the Iriſh knife*,
And cruſh *the French dragoon?*"——

WATTS.

The adjective is usually put before the substantive; as,

"A *good* book." "A *learned* man."

"Vast was the slaughter, and the *flow'ry green*
Drank deep of flowing crimson."——

IBID.

In poetry the adjective is frequently put after the substantive; as,

"Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where *flames refin'd* in *breasts seraphic* glow."

POPE.

Numeral adjectives, denoting many, are often joined with substantives singular; as,

" *Twenty foot* long." " A *thousand pound.*"

When *thing* or *things* is substantive to an adjective, the word *thing* or *things* is usually left out; in which case the adjective is said to be put absolutely; as,

" He thinks more of the *present* than the future."

——————" Think *nobler* of thy foes,
Than to account thy chance in war an *evil.*"

ROWE.

The adjective is used absolutely in other cases, particularly if the substantive have been mentioned before, and may easily be recollected; as,

——————" *Senseless* and *deform'd,*
Convulsive anger storms at large; or *pale*
And *silent,* settles into fell revenge."

THOMSON.

In forming the comparative and superlative degrees by *er* and *est,* the adverbs *more, most, very,* &c. must be omitted; as, *richer, richest;* not *more* richer, *most* richest.

" Oh! 'tis the *sweetest* of all earthly things,
To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!"

POPE.

Adjectives are sometimes used as substantives, and take another adjective before them; as,

" A great *good.*" " A great *evil.*"

Substantives are sometimes used as adjectives, and are placed as such before other substantives; as, " *maid*-servant, *sea*-water, *river*-fish."

—" You

——— "You gallant Vernon! saw
The miserable scene; you pitying saw
To *infant*-weakness sunk the warrior's arm."
THOMSON.

The pronoun, denoting property or possession, is joined with the substantive in the genitive case; as, "*my* book, *my* pen."

"Where shall *my* wonder and *my* praise begin?
From the successful labours of *thy* arms;
Or from a theme more soft, and full of peace,
Thy mercy and *thy* gentleness?"
ROWE.

When the pronoun is put absolutely, or without its substantive, *mine* and *thine* are used instead of *my* and *thy*; and *ours, yours, theirs*, instead of *our, your, their*; as,

"It is *mine*." "It is *thine*."
"It is *ours*." "It is *yours*." "It is *theirs*."

——— "Then we find
The virtue that possession would not shew us,
Whilst it was *ours*."———
SHAKESPEAR.

"Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas *mine*; 'tis his; and has been slave to thousands."
IBID.

When a verb, expressed or understood, comes between the pronoun and the substantive, the pronoun is used in its absolute form; as,

"*Thine* is the kingdom."

"These are thy glorious works, parent of good!
Almighty! *thine* this universal frame."
MILTON.

Other

Other and *others* are used in the same manner as,

"I have observed *other* men."
"I have observed *others*."

"Far *other* dreams my erring soul employ,
Far *other* raptures of unholy joy."

POPE.

"These, and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which o'er each object casting various dies,
Enlarges some, and *others* multiplies."

IBID.

When the relative *who* comes after *than*, it must be put in the accusative case; as,

"I have been reading Virgil, *than whom* there is not a chaster poet."

When the agent and the object of a verb are not distinguished by their terminations, the agent, as the nominative, comes before the verb; and the object, as the accusative, comes after it; as,

"*Cæsar* conquered the *Gauls*."
"*That* excels *this*."

"*Love* taught *my tears* in sadder notes to flow,
And tun'd *my heart* to elegies of woe."

IBID.

The passive participle, and not the preterimperfect tense of the verb, should always be used with the neuter verb *to be*; as,

"The earth was *shaken*—not *shook*."
"The book was *written*—not *wrote*."

The

The participle present is very properly used when we would express the continuance of an action; as,

"I have been *walking* a long time."

"I shall be *writing* till noon."

In English, two negatives make an affirmative; as,

"Thou shalt *not* have *none*, is the same as Thou shalt have *some*."

"*Nor* did they *not* perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains *not* feel."
MILTON.

It contributes much to the perspicuity and elegance of a phrase, to place the preposition before the relative which it governs; as,

"Cicero is an author *to whom* you should attend;" and not, "Cicero is an author *whom* you should attend *to*."

"*For whom* would Sappho use such arts as these?
He's gone whom only she could wish to please."
POPE.

The prepositions *to* and *for* are often omitted before the pronoun; as,

"Give *me* the book."

"Buy *him* some paper."

The preposition *in*, or *on*, is frequently omitted before substantives signifying time; as,

"He will do it *this year*."

"He will go *next week*."

The preposition *in* comes before countries, cities, and large towns, if in the same nation; as,

"He resides *in* Bristol, *in* Spain."

At

At comes before villages, single houses, and cities, if in other countries; as,

"I lived *at* Chelsea." "I lived *at* Amsterdam."

The conjunction *that* is often understood; as,

"I desire you will come." "See you do it."

Many conjunctions in the former part of a sentence require corresponding conjunctions in the subsequent part; as,

Although, though,	*Yet, nevertheless,*
Whether,	*Or,*
Either,	*Or,*
Neither, nor,	*Nor,*
As,	*So,* signifying comparison.
As,	*As,* implying equality.
So,	*As,* implying comparison.
So,	*That,* implying a consequence.

"*Though* he is young, *yet* he is far advanced in learning."

"*Whether* he will attend *or* not, is uncertain."

"I love *either* hunting *or* angling very well."

"I will *neither* have one *nor* the other."

"*As* is the father, *so* is the son."

"One is *as* good *as* the other."

"An ox is not *so* large *as* an elephant."

"I was *so* well assured of his honesty, *that* I could have trusted my whole fortune with him."

"*As* when sharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings
The dreary winter on his frozen wings;
Beneath the low hung clouds the sheets of snow
Descend, and whiten all the fields below;
So fast the darts on either army pour,
So down the rampiers rolls the rocky show'r;
Heavy, and thick, resound the batter'd shields,
And the deaf echo rattles round the fields."

POPE.

THE

THE

SECRETARY.

A young Gentleman's Letter to his Papa, written from School.

DEAR PAPA,

IN obedience to your commands when you left me at school, I now sit down to inform you, not only that I am well in health, but also that I am contented in my mind, in being placed under the care of so good a master; his behaviour to me is so kind, that, was I inclined to be idle, the wish to please him would make me resit the inclination. Besides this, the difference which I see made between the diligent and the indolent, is, with me, a strong inducement to industry. What you have often told me is, likewise, strongly imprinted on my mind; that, if I meant to be a great man, I must endeavour to be a good scholar; and, besides the thoughts of being distinguished from the vulgar, the satisfaction I enjoy from the little I already know, will certainly induce me to seek for farther improvement.

Pray give my duty to Mamma, and my love to my Brothers and Sisters.

I am, dear Papa,

Your most dutiful Son.

Another on the same Subject.

DEAR PAPA,

AT your leaving me here, it was your orders that I should sometimes write to you to let you know how I went on with my learning, and I should be a very naughty boy if I did not do as you bid me. As in duty bound, I have therefore to inform you, that I am in good health, and that I like my master very well, for he is a very good master to all who mind their books; and I attend to mine as close as I can: for I well remember what you told me—that an ignorant man was always laughed at, let him be ever so rich; while a man with a good education was sure to know how to behave himself well, and was accordingly respected, though he might be poor. As I have no reason to doubt the truth of what you say, I shall endeavour to be as good a scholar as I can; which I know will give great pleasure to you and my mamma, and make every body love me.

Pray give my love to all my relations.

I am,

Your dutiful Son.

From a young Lady to her Mamma, desiring to learn Arithmetic.

DEAR MAMMA,

MANY young ladies here, who are no older than myself, have begun to learn arithmetic, and the pleasure I see them take in it, and the advantage it seems to give them in conversation, make me desirous of being similarly accomplished. I rely on your indulgence to favor me in this particular;

cular; and flatter myself, by my proficiency, to merit your approbation, so far that you shall not repent of your indulgence. With my duty to you, my love to my brothers and sisters, and respects to all friends, I subscribe myself,

Your dutiful and affectionate Daughter.

A Letter on Arithmetic, written by Dr. Johnson, to a young Lady.

DEAREST MISS SOPHY,

BY an absence from home, and for one reason and another, I owe a great number of letters, and I assure you, that I sit down to write your's first. Why you should think yourself not a favorite, I cannot guess; my favour will, I am afraid, never be worth much; but be its value more or less, you are never likely to lose it, and less likely, if you continue your studies with the same diligence as you have begun them.

Your proficience in arithmetic is not only to be commended, but admired. Your master does not, I suppose, come very often, nor stay very long; yet your advance in the science of numbers is greater than is commonly made by those who, for so many weeks as you have been learning, spend six hours a day in the writing school.

Never think, my sweet, that you have arithmetic enough; when you have exhausted your master, buy books. Nothing amuses more harmlessly than computation, and nothing is oftener applicable to real business or speculative inquiries. A thousand stories, which the ignorant tell and believe, die away at once, when the computist takes them in his gripe. I hope you will cultivate in yourself a disposition to numerical inquiries; they will give you

entertainment in solitude, by the practice; and reputation in public, by the effect.

If you can borrow Wilkin's Real Character, a folio, which the bookseller can perhaps let you have, you will have a very curious calculation, which you are qualified to consider, to shew that Noah's ark was capable of holding all the known animals of the world, with provision for all the time in which the earth was under water. Let me hear from you soon again.

I am, yours, &c.

From a young Gentleman to his Guardian, acquainting him that he has begun to learn Geography.

DEAR SIR,

BY the advice of my master I have lately augmented my course of studies by beginning to learn geography; and I find it very entertaining, as it promises both pleasure and profit. Even the newspapers, which are left at the school for our perusal, cannot be read with satisfaction without a knowledge of this science; an article of intelligence from either of the Indies would convey but little information to the reader, unless he was previously acquainted with the nature and situation of the country: and if this were the only advantage to be derived from it, the trouble bestowed in acquiring it would be sufficiently repaid. Its use in reading histories, travels, &c. must be infinite; and, without a knowledge of this valuable science, even common conversation would frequently be insipid. My stating thus the value of geography, is not done under a supposition that I am conveying information to you; but merely to shew that I am sensible

sensible of its advantages. Several young gentlemen engaged in this study, have entered into a subscription to purchase a pair of globes, as being indispensible requisites to facilitate their improvement; and I trust to that liberality I have so often experienced at your hands, for a supply adequate to my share of the expence, which is ————. I cannot conclude this letter without repeating my thanks to you for so well supplying the place of parents, whose fond attentions I was so unhappy as to lose in early life; and to assure you that I shall never fail to make the best and only return in my power for your kindness to me—that of an implicit obedience to your commands, and a grateful remembrance of your goodness to

Your affectionate and obliged Ward,
and humble Servant.

From a young Lady to her Father, requesting leave to learn to dance.

DEAR PAPA,

I HAVE a favor to request, which, as it much concerns my present happiness, occasions a timidity I never remember to have felt before, when addressing you; it is, that you would permit me to join the rest of the young ladies of my age, in receiving instructions from the dancing master. Your indulgence in this particular, will not render me inattentive to the other branches of education, but induce me to attend to them with greater assiduity: but though I earnestly wish to attain this polite accomplishment, if you do not approve of it, I shall bid adieu to the idea; and regret having made a request which you deem improper; being fully convinced that your fondness for me would induce you

to withhold nothing from me, which could contribute to my improvement and future advantage in life. With my duty to you, and my love and respects to all relations and friends,

I remain, dear Papa,
Your dutiful and affectionate Daughter.

Lord Chesterfield to his Son, on Modesty.

My dear Child,

IF it is possible to be too modest, you are; and you deserve more than you require. An amber headed cane, and a pair of buckles, are a recompence so far from being adequate to your deserts, that I shall add something more. Modesty is a very good quality, and which generally accompanies true morals: it engages and captivates the minds of people; as on the other hand, nothing is more shocking and disgustful, than presumption and impudence. We cannot like a man who is always commending and speaking well of himself, and who is the hero of his own story. On the contrary, a man who endeavours to conceal his own merit; who sets that of other people in its true light; who speaks but little of himself, and with modesty: such a man makes a favourable impression upon the understanding of his hearers, and acquires their love and esteem.

There is, however, a great difference between modesty, and an awkward bashfulness; which is as ridiculous as true modesty is commendable. It is as absurd to be a simpleton, as to be an impudent fellow; and one ought to know how to come into a room, speak to people, and answer them, without being out of countenance, or without embarrassment. The English are generally apt to be bashful;

bashful; and have not those easy, free, and at the same time polite manners, which the French have. A mean fellow, or a country bumpkin, is ashamed when he comes into good company: he appears embarrassed, does not know what to do with his hands, is disconcerted when spoken to, answers with difficulty, and almost stammers: whereas a gentleman, who is used to the world, comes into company with a graceful and proper assurance, speaks even to people he does not know, without embarrassment, and in a natural and easy manner. This is called usage of the world, and good breeding; a most necessary and important knowledge in the intercourse of life. It frequently happens that a man with a great deal of sense, but with little usage of the world, is not so well received as one of inferior parts, but with a gentleman-like behaviour.

These are matters worthy your attention; reflect on them, and unite modesty to a polite and easy assurance.

Adieu.

From a Brother at home, to his Sister abroad on a visit, complaining of her not writing.

DEAR SISTER,

I WRITE to inform you how unkind we all take it, of you, that you do not write oftener, to inform us of your health, employments, and diversions in the country. You cannot be insensible how much you are beloved by us all here, and how materially we regard every circumstance that relates to you. Judge then for yourself if you do right to omit giving us the only satisfaction absence affords to true friends, which is, often hearing from each other

other. My mother is highly displeased with you, and says you are a very idle girl; my aunt is of the same opinion; and I would fain, like a loving brother, excuse you if I could. Pray, for the future, take care to deserve a better character, and, by writing soon and often, put it in my power to say what a good sister I have; for be assured, you will always find me

Your affectionate Brother.

P. S. Due respects of every one here to all friends in the country.

The Sister's Answer.

DEAR BROTHER,

MOST kindly, and too justly, do you upbraid me; I own my fault, thank you for your kind reproof, and promise never to be so negligent again. I write to beg my mother's pardon, and to desire her to intercede for me with my aunt, on this my promise of amendment. Continue, my dear brother, to be my advocate, in all my unintended imperfections, and I will never err voluntarily for the future; in order that I may be as worthy as possible of your kind instructions, and shew myself what I truly am, and ever will be,

Your affectionate and obliged Sister.

From the Daughter to her Mother, in excuse for her neglect.

HONORED MADAM,

I AM ashamed that I have staid to be reminded of my duty by any one, but more especially that

that I should put my brother to so disagreeable a task, as it must be to one of his sensibility. I shall not endeavour to vindicate my silence, for that might aggravate the crime; though my time has been strangely taken up by the kind attention and favor of your good friends here, particularly my aunt Boulton: yet well I know, that my duty to so indulgent a parent ought to precede all other considerations. All I beg, therefore, is, that you will be so good as to forgive me, on promise of amendment; and procure forgiveness also of my aunt, and all friends. Believe me, Madam, when I assure you, that no diversions here or elsewhere, shall make me lose sight of the duty I owe to so good a mother, and such kind relations, and that I ever shall be

Your grateful and dutiful Daughter.

Dr. Johnson to Miss Jane Langton, Daughter of his intimate and dear Friend Bennet Langton, Esq. then a very young Lady.

My dearest Miss Jenny,

I AM sorry that your pretty letter has been so long without being answered; but when I am not well, I do not always write plain enough for young ladies. I am glad, my dear, to see that you write so well, and hope that you mind your pen, your book, and your needle, for they are all necessary: your books will give you knowledge and make you respected; and your needle will find you useful employment when you do not care to read. When you are a little older, I hope you will be very diligent in learning arithmetic; and, above all, that through your

your whole life, you will carefully say your prayers, and read your bible.

I am, my dear,
Your most humble Servant.

Dr. Johnson to Miss Susannah Thrale, on Study, Religion, &c.

DEAREST MISS SUSY,

WHEN you favoured me with your letter, you seemed to be in want of materials to fill it, having met with no great adventures, either of peril or delight, nor done or suffered any thing out of the common course of life.

When you have lived longer, and considered more, you will find the common course of life very fertile of observation and reflection. Upon the common course of life must our thoughts and our conversation be generally employed. Our general course of life must denominate us wise or foolish; happy or miserable: if it is well regulated, we pass on prosperously and smoothly; as it is neglected, we live in embarrassment, perplexity, and uneasiness.

Your time, my love, passes, I suppose, in devotion, reading, work, and company. Of your devotions, in which I earnestly advise you to be very punctual, you may not perhaps think it proper to give me an account; and of work, unless I understood it better, it will be of no great use to say much; but books and company will always supply you with materials for your letters to me, as I shall always be pleased to know what your are reading, and with what you are pleased; and shall take great delight in knowing what impression new modes or new characters make upon you, and to observe

observe with what attention you distinguish the tempers, dispositions, and abilities of your companions.

A letter may be always made out of the books of the morning, or talk of the evening; and any letters from you, my dearest, will be welcome to

Yours, &c.

From an elder to a younger Brother, representing to him the fatal Consequences attendant on Extravagance.

YOU must imagine, if you give yourself time to reflect, that your misfortunes affect me almost as much as my own; which, you are sensible, are not a few: but then you know very well, that mine are owing to unavoidable accidents, and not to wilful profusion. This consideration supports me under them; but what I have suffered on your account, has not been occasioned by my own indiscretion.

While our parents were living, they not only supplied you with every thing necessary and convenient, but even indulged you in extravagance. What they left behind them is now devolved to me; and both nature and prudence direct me to make the best use of it that I am able. I own I am inclined to serve you to the utmost of my power: but, my dear brother, which way can I do it effectually? The many supplies you received from our indulgent parents were absolutely thrown away; because, through your own misapplication of them, they gave you no real assistance. And pray what measures can I take to relieve you? Had you made a proper use of your friends readiness to serve you, you had been happy long since; but, to speak freely,

freely, your present distress, is wholly owing to your own folly. The fortune you had, with good management, would have afforded you a comfortable subsistence for life; whereas you have squandered it away in less than two years. Were I able and willing to give you as much more, what reason have I to suppose that you would be a better œconomist for the future? All I have in the world, at your rate of living, would support you but a few years; and as I think it my duty to take care of my own family, I must not injure them by relieving you. Were I to send you the money you require, what other end could it answer than to lengthen your credit, and involve you still farther into debt? This has always been the case, hitherto, when I have assisted you; and, therefore, it is now high time to withdraw my favours. Nevertheless, when I am sufficiently convinced of your reformation, you may depend on receiving all reasonable assistance from

Your affectionate Brother.

From a Gentleman to his Son, against Loquacity.

DEAR CHARLES,

THERE is something in your behaviour, since your return from London, which is unpleasant to me; and I must frankly tell you, that I do not think you are at all mended by travelling. You have, by keeping company with coxcombs, and mistaking ceremony for politeness, contracted a habit of not only talking much, and in a frothy manner, but of sacrificing every thing to compliments: even your sincerity is offered up to it; and you seem to think yourself obliged, in point of good manners, to agree with every thing that is

said, whether right or wrong. You are not deficient in understanding, nor are you without your share of learning: and yet that eternal simper, cringe, and obsequiousness, render both suspected, and tire your acquaintance; who cannot fail to talk of it and laugh at you when your back is turned, though they have not friendship enough for you to confess it to your face. I, who love you sincerely, and consider you as a part of myself, cannot see you do any thing which may turn to your disadvantage, without warning you of the consequence; for I cannot be so hard-hearted as to neglect informing you of your faults whenever I observe them. Your's, is an error of judgment, and not of disposition; and, therefore may be easily rectified. You, I know, intend it for civility and politeness, but you are mistaken; for forced and affected compliments are the reverse. Politeness, which despises every thing unnatural, is always attended by ease and freedom. Your present conduct is sufficient to render your sincerity suspected. Those who make large professions to every body, are seldom esteemed by any body; their conversation being considered as froth, and their friendship supposed as trifling and insipid as their conversation. Cast off, therefore, my dear boy, this sort of behaviour; and substitute that which is more manly, and consistent with the character of your countrymen; who were always esteemed for their openness, freedom, and sincerity, which entitles a man to more respect than all the low bows and fine speeches in the world. I would not have you disregard what you learnt at the dancing school. A proper deportment is necessary; and a moderate quantity of ceremony may be consistent with politeness and good manners; it is the excess which makes it blameable. Look at Mr. M——; (in this case, one

example is better than twenty precepts) he is esteemed an accomplished gentleman; every one is pleased with his behaviour, and charmed with his conversation; and the means he has pursued to attain this universal art of pleasing are, simply, these:—He always took care to keep good company (being sensible that he should be characterised accordingly) among such his ears were always open to instruction; for it has always been a maxim with him, that a silent young man generally made a wise old one. He attends to every body, and speaks to nobody, till he has collected the opinion of the whole company; and, when he does speak, he contrives to introduce such subjects as every one present may speak to with judgment and propriety. This he does with wonderful dexterity, giving every one an opportunity to display his talents; for he knows, that in order to keep up an universal good humour, every one should be pleased with himself as well as his company; and nothing can be much more pleasing to a man than having an opportunity of shewing himself to be somebody. How unlike him are those persons who, knowing nothing of the world, expose themselves to contempt and ridicule by impertinently pretending to talk of things they do not understand? What Mr. M. says, is always to the purpose; and, of course, he always gains an attentive hearing: for, though young in years, he is old in experience and understanding. When he speaks, it is always with becoming ease and freedom. He has resolution enough to be the defender and supporter of truth: but always delivers his sentiments in such a manner, as not to appear like dictating to the company; and he hears the opinions of others, (though differing from his own) with perfect good humour and equanimity of temper. To be brief: excess of ceremony will never gain a man friends, but babbling will undoubtedly create him

him enemies. Conversation is a kind of banquet, which every one present is entitled to a share of; and no one has a right to engross the whole feast to himself: for, by that means, improvement, which is the grand object of conversation, is totally excluded. He who is perpetually talking, has no time for hearing; and, consequently, can reap no benefit from what is said in company. Another vice in conversation I would caution you against; which is—obscenity. This is not only a mark of a depraved mind, but of low breeding; and is never encouraged but in the company of fools.

In hopes of finding a reformation in you the next time I see you,

I am, dear Charles,
Your truly and affectionate Father, &c.

To a Friend on the proper Use of Time.

SIR,

YOU request my opinion of time, and to know what my sentiments are, respecting its proper uses. To treat of this grand subject at full length would fill a volume of considerable magnitude; and would at last, both to the writer and reader, be but a waste of the subject proposed. It never will, in my opinion, be more properly depicted than in that well-known and often quoted line of Mr. Pope,

"Time, *wasted*, is existence; *used*, is life."

The smallest observation may prove to any thinking mortal, that, with the generality of mankind, a considerable portion of their time is spent, either in doing evil, or in some frivolous amusement, which is but a small degree better. A few moments consideration may serve to convince us,

that the mind of a man cannot be idle; if it is not employed in doing good, it will be meditating on mischief, either to its possessor or some one else. A man, therefore, who wishes to perform his duty in that sphere of life in which Providence has placed him, will be cautious that not a moment is employed in any thing which may disgrace him among his fellow-creatures here, and endanger his felicity hereafter. The present instant is all we can call our own; the last is fled to, and the next is in the power of, Him, who may, ere then, snatch us to eternity. Though placed on the pinnacle of power, and in the plentitude of health, wealth and prosperity, it behoves a man so to employ every moment entrusted to his care, that he may be able to render a good account of the use he has made of the talents lent him, if he should, on the instant, be summoned before that tribunal where no secret can be hid from the searching eye of Omnipotence.

To multiply remarks on this important subject is unnecessary. Next to the divine oracles of our blessed Redeemer, I know of no work that treats of it better than the justly celebrated "Night Thoughts" of Dr. Young. To a steady perusal of this book I therefore recommend you. There you will find all that need or can be said on this topic, expressed in the most beautiful language.

I remain, sincerely your's.

From a Father to his Son, on his keeping bad Company, late Hours, &c. during his Apprenticeship.

DEAR SON,

I AM much concerned to hear that you are, of late, fallen into bad company; that you keep late hours;

hours; and, by that means, give great uneasiness to your master, and break the rules of his family: that when he expostulates with you on your irregularities, you return pert answers; and, instead of even promising amendment, repeat the offence. And that you associate yourself with societies of young fellows who despise all good examples, and ridicule the sober part of their acquaintance as persons of narrow minds, who want the courage to do as they do.

On this occasion let me expostulate with you, and set before you the evil of the way you are in:

First, What can you mean by breaking the rules of a family you had bound yourself by contract to observe? Do you think it honest to break through engagements, into which you have so solemnly entered? Seven years, several of which are elapsed, are not so long a term but you may see it terminate before you are over fit to be trusted with your own conduct. Twenty-one years of age is full early for a young man to be his own master; and surely you may stay till then, at least, before you pretend to chuse your own hours and your own company: and at the rate you go on at present, your discretion will then do no credit to your choice. Recollect, your time is not your own; and, by your present conduct, you wrong your master in a double sense; you disturb him in his rest, and rob him of his time; for if your hours of revelry are subsequent to the hours of business, your irregularities must considerably unfit you for your next day's labor: besides these two evils, you break the peace of his family, and give a bad example to the younger apprentices. All this mischief is done for the sake of rioting in the company of persons who despise good order; and who will gradually lead you into the worst of vices, to the destruction of your health and reputation, and the

unhinging your mind from that business, which must be your future support.

Timely consider, I exhort you, to what these courses may lead you; and what affliction you will give to your friends by a continuance in them. Lay together the substance of a whole evening's conversation with frothy companions; and reflect if all the knowledge you derive from it is worth breaking your rest for, exclusive of the dangers you run with respect to your character and constitution. I am confident that one hour spent in the conversation of a sober, well-disposed family (like your master's) would give you a more lasting and rational satisfaction. At the same time, your present conduct is such, as I am certain you would not allow in a servant of your own; for it is commonly seen, that those who are faulty themselves, are, of all men, the least inclined to be merciful to the failings of others; so much do evil courses erase every humane sensation from the heart.

You are now at an age when you should be improving your faculties, instead of merely diverting them; and laying in such a fund of knowledge as, when ripened by experience, might make you a worthy member of society. By preferring, in your leisure hours, the silent, yet instructive conversation of books, and applying yourself assiduously to business in the hours designed for it, you would, in time, make yourself an agreeable and rational companion, and a respectable tradesman; but, as you are now employing the precious hours of youth, you will, in a few years, be despised and shunned by all good men, and be fit only for the profligate company of gamblers and sharpers.

As nothing but my affection for you could possibly influence me to these expostulations, I hope for a proper effect from them, if you would be thought well of by, or expect any favor from

Your loving Father.

From a Tradesman to his Correspondent, requesting Payment of a Sum of Money.

SIR,

OWING to a very unexpected demand that has been made on me for money, which I hoped to have kept longer in trade, I am compelled to apply for the balance of the accompt between us, or as much of it as you can conveniently spare, for I wish not to distress you. When I have an opportunity to inform of the nature of this sudden demand, and the necessity there is of my discharging it, I am certain you will readily excuse the freedom I now take with you: and, as it is an affair of great consequence to my family, I know the friendship you bear me will induce you to serve me to the utmost of your power.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient Servant.

The Answer.

SIR,

IT gives me singular satisfaction to be able to serve a man I so much esteem, by immediately answering your demand. The balance of the accompt is two hundred pounds; for which I have procured a bank note, and, for security, divided it; one half I have sent by this day's post, and tomorrow I will send you the other.

I cannot but rejoice, in some measure, at the urgency of your present necessity; as it gives me an opportunity of shewing my friendship for you in a manner more effectual than it is possible by words. I hope the supply I have herewith sent you will prove so seasonable as to enable you to surmount the present difficulty; and that no serious

rious obstacle will ever interrupt your road to happiness;

And am, your's sincerely.

From a Lady to a Maid Servant who had left her, containing an useful Lesson for Persons in that State of Life.

DEAR BETTY,

I RECEIVED your letter, and, though I have failed to answer it before, my prayers and best wishes have constantly attended you. I trust you have the good fortune to please where you are, as I hear nothing to the contrary. If you are so happy as to be in favor with the family you serve, I make no question of your continuing in it by a constant endeavour to deserve it. I told you truly above, that I daily remember you in my prayers; and I will not suppose that you forget that important duty yourself. Though you sleep with the other maid, and have no closet or private place to retire to, I entreat you to let no pretence whatever prevail with you to omit an indispensible duty; nor a false notion of modesty prompt you to neglect an action that it is your greatest glory to perform. I hope your fellow servant thinks as she ought on this occasion; if not, endeavour to gain her over by your example, but beware of being perverted by her's. To commit ourselves in a morning to the hazard of the day, without addressing the throne of grace, is such a degree of impiety and foolhardiness as is shocking but to think of: and surely it is ingratitude of the blackest die to close our eyes at night without returning unfeigned thanks for the dangers we have escaped; those eyes, for all we know, may never be unclosed again in this world.

world. I was going to offer some advice of another kind; but I recollect, that—your duty to your Creator includes every thing. Whatever you are about doing, think always on what is due to the dignity of your nature. Consider, that though Providence has placed you in the humble rank of a servant, your immortal soul is of equal value with that of an empress. At a first glance this counsel may appear to encourage pride; but, if duly attended to, it will prove the most effectual means to extinguish it. A proper consideration of the several degrees of men, in the order in which God has placed them with respect to this life, will teach you to condescend to your superiors without meanness, and to distinguish yourself from those below you without arrogance; it will hinder adversity from oppressing you; and, if prosperity be your lot (as I heartily wish it may) it will find you worthy of it,—it will make you equal to good fortune, and superior to ill. Mr. S. joins his best respects with mine to your master and mistress. I desire that, whenever you are inclined to write to me, you would chuse half an hour, when you can best be spared, and ask leave; this will save you the trouble of equivocating, when it is demanded what has been your employment, and prevent your giving an indifferent action the appearance of a guilty one: for be sure never to forget, that your time is not your own, but is entirely due to those you serve; and that you cannot justly employ any part of it to your own use without leave. Pray, good Betty, think of this; and be not above being taught by any one, whatever is worth the trouble of learning: no matter who it is that teaches, provided the instructions are good. Adieu, and do me the justice to believe that this letter is dictated by a heart full of genuine wishes for your welfare, from one who will always regard

every

every piece of happiness that befals you, as an additional one to herself.

For I am,
Your sincere friend.

To a young Tradesman, advising Method in Business, as well as diligence.

DEAR NEPHEW,

THE affection I have always borne you, as well for your own sake as for your late parents', makes me give you the trouble of these lines, which I hope you will receive as kindly as I intend them. I have lately called on you several times; and have, as often, found you in an extraordinary hurry. This, I know, cannot sometimes be avoided; but need not always be the case, if your time was disposed in regular and proper proportions to your business. I have frequently had reason to believe, that more than half the flutter which appears among tradesmen in general, is rather the effect of indolence or negligence than industry, however desirous they may be to have it thought otherwise; and I will give you one instance in a neighbour of mine, in confirmation of this opinion.

This gentleman carried on, for some years, a profitable business; but, indulging himself in a tavern society or club, (which the promotion of business gave the first pretence for) it soon became habitual to him, to look on those engagements as the natural consequences of the approach of night; and he drove on his business with precipitation in the day, that he might be at leisure in the evening to be at the tavern with the earliest. He seldom kept very late hours, it is true; though he never came home soon. The night being gone, the first part

part of the morning was always wanted to dispel the fumes of the wine. Whoever, therefore, called on him before nine, was desired to call again; and, when he rose, so many matters waited for him, as directly threw him into a flutter; so that, from his first rising till dinner time, he was in one continued ferment. At dinner, which always occupied a considerable time (that he might recover himself from the fatigue he had undergone) all his table-talk was, how heavy his business lay on his hands, and what pains he took in it! The hearty meal, and the time he indulged himself at table, begot an inappetency for any more business for that short afternoon; so all that could be deferred was put off till next morning. Longed-for evening approaching, he flies to his usual solace—empties his bottle by eleven—retires home to bed—is invisible till the next morning at nine; and, then rising, enters on his usual hurry and confusion. Thus did his life seem, to those who saw him in his business, one constant scene of fatigue; though he scarce ever applied four regular hours to it in any one day. Whereas, had he risen only at seven in the morning, he would have got all his business over by noon; and those two hours, from seven till nine, being before many people go abroad, he would have met with no interruption in his affairs; but might have improved his servants by his example, directed them in the business of the day, inspected his books, wrote to his dealers, and put every thing in so regular a train, that whatever occurred during the remainder of the day, would rather have served to divert than fatigue him. To cut my story short, the event of the business was, that meeting with some disappointments and losses (as all traders must expect, and ought to provide for) and his customers not seeing him in the shop so much as they expected, and when there, always

in

in a disobliging petulant hurry; his business, by these means, dwindled insensibly away: and not being able to go out of his usual course, which impaired both his capacity and ardour for business, his creditors began to look about them, and he was compelled to enter into the state of his affairs; when he had the mortification to find a balance of two thousand pounds against him. This was a shocking case to himself, but more so to his family: his wife had lived, and his children been educated, in such a manner, as induced them to believe their fortunes would be sufficient to place them in a state of independence. In short, being obliged to quit a business he had managed with so little prudence, his friends got him on a charitable foundation, which afforded him a bare subsistence for himself; his children were dispersed, different ways, into low spheres of life; and his wife returned to her friends; to be reprimanded and reflected on by her family for faults not her own.

This example will afford several hints to a young tradesman, which are too obvious to need expatiating upon. As I always found you in a hurry when I called on you, I could not but suggest these remarks to you; lest you should not proportion your time to your business, but defer to the next hour what ought to be done in the present, and so not keep your business properly under. Next to diligence, method is every thing in business: and you will, by adopting a regular one, always be calm and unruffled, and have time to bestow in your shop with your customers; but this is not to be done by the man who prefers the tavern to his shop, and his bed to his business. I know you will take in good part what I have written; because you are sensible how much I am

Your affectionate Uncle.

From

From an Aunt to her Niece, containing Instructions to judge of Proposals of Marriage.

DEAR HANNAH,

THE friendship I had for your mother, and the unlimited confidence she always placed in me, will make me ever anxious for the welfare of her family; you will therefore pardon me if I sometimes presume to offer you my advice. Not that I pretend to be wiser than you; but my years and experience have taught me many things which you have not yet had an opportunity of learning; and even should the precepts I am going to lay down, prove of no service, they can do you no injury. You are now in London, where your personal charms and mental endowments cannot fail procuring you admirers, and the number is sure to be increased when your character is publicly known. Your business will be to distinguish between such as make love to your person, and those who only court you for the sake of your fortune. You will find some difficulty in doing this, without the assistance of some maturer heads than your own; therefore make your guardian your confidant in this case, and turn a deaf ear to the insinuations of people who often make themselves busy where they are not wanted, and are, perhaps, the tools of sharpers and fortune-hunters—the betrayers of female innocence. According to the general custom of these gentry, it may be represented to you, "that some gentleman of importance is deeply smitten with you—that he has seen you at some public place, and is impatient for an opportunity of declaring his passion—that he is unwilling to make any overtures to your guardian, till he knows what reception he shall meet with from yourself—that your guardian may, probably, raise

some groundless objections—that, having daughters of his own, he may wish to see them disposed of first—that your fortune being in his hands, he may have occasion for it in trade, and, consequently be unwilling to part with it—that it would, therefore, be improper to trust your guardian with the secret, till, by seeing the person proposed, you had formed an opinion of your own—that, after all, it was at your own option, either to admit of or decline his offers—and that there could be no harm in receiving a letter from the gentleman, if it should seem improper to grant him a personal interview." Discountenance, with disdain, such officious meddlers, and assure them that you are positively determined to listen to no propositions, however seemingly advantageous, otherwise than with the knowledge and approbation of your guardian or other judicious friends, who, you may be assured, have your happiness at heart. Such a conduct as this will make the busy interveners desist from their designs on you, if they have any sense of shame; and you will be convinced that such persons are undeserving your acquaintance. By such a conduct you will not lose one lover, who is worthy of the name; for, if he is sincere in his protensions, he will readily consent to apply to your guardian; and will like you the better for your discretion. If he declines his suit, you may conclude that his designs were base; and you will have reason to rejoice that you were deaf to his artful insinuations. If, without the assistance of a go-between, a young fellow should presume to send you letters, without first making a regular application to your guardian, do you get some friend to write to him in a manner similar to the following—but be sure not to write yourself:—

SIR,

SIR,

I AM to inform you, that Miss G—— thinks herself obliged to every one who has a good opinion of her; but she begs you will not give yourself, or her, the trouble of any more letters; for she is so circumstanced as to have neither power nor inclination to encourage your addresses.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

Unknown.

Should a proposal be made in this manner, which you think deserves some attention; your plan will be to rebuke the attempt as a clandestine proceeding; which you may do by getting some friend to write to him to the following purport:—

SIR,

IT may not be improper to inform you, that Miss G—— is happy in having a friend of probity and experience in Mr. M——, who is her guardian; and without whose advice she undertakes nothing of consequence. You will, therefore, naturally conclude, that she will not admit of any proposals of moment, except what come through the medium of his approbation.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

Thus, my dear Hannah (emboldened by your good opinion of me) I have endeavoured to give you such instructions as may soon be serviceable to you; and I doubt not but you will pay a proper attention to what I have said, since you know it comes from the heart of one who will always be solicitous for your welfare.

I am,

Your faithful and affectionate Aunt.

From a Gentleman to the Father of a Lady.

SIR,

I SHALL consider it as a circumstance considerably in my favor, if you are acquainted with the name subscribed to this letter; as that will prevent the necessity of my saying that which would come with a better grace from some one else. I flatter myself that will really be the case; and shall only observe—that I am of a family of some consideration, and of fortune at least sufficient to keep me above contempt. I was, a few evenings ago, at the theatre; and am just informed, that a lady, who engrossed much of my attention there, is your daughter. It is on that lady's account that I now presume to write to you; and, as I am settled in my opinion that nothing can deserve censure which is undisguised and honorable, I take the freedom to own, that though I doubt not of your daughter's being worthy of a better offer, yet I am persuaded, that my happiness depends on the manner in which she receives this. I therefore request it as a favor of you, Sir, to inform me whether the lady be engaged or not; if she is not, I intreat that, after you have informed yourself who it is that requests the honor of being introduced to her, you will favor me with an answer. I am as great an enemy as possible to the nonsense commonly used on these occasions; but it would be doing myself an act of injustice to conclude without saying, that my mind will be little at ease till I know how this is received. I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

The

The Father's Answer.

SIR,

THE letter you have honored me with, bespeaks you to be a gentleman and a man of sense. After such a prepossession in your favor, I am sorry to inform you, that I am induced, from a variety of reasons, to decline the offer you are pleased to make of an alliance with my family. My daughter, who is very dear to me, is, I believe, already engaged; I wish it may be as worthily: though I must confess, I think it rather unaccountable, that you should suffer your affections to be so strongly engaged, on so slight a foundation, as only seeing a lady once at the theatre.

It is very probable you are more than equal, in point of fortune, to my daughter; for though she has merit (if you will suffer a father to say so) her fortune, though not inconsiderable, is far from being splendid. To give you my final answer (at least what is so thought by me at present) I have not a thought of enquiring who it was that has thus favored us; and I could wish my daughter to forget that such a circumstance ever happened. However, we both join to thank you for the honor you intended us. I remain, Sir,

Your obedient Servant.

From the Lover in reply.

BEFORE you receive this letter, Mr. —— will have waited on you in my behalf; you will not, therefore, be much surprised to be again addressed by a person, whose former overtures you had, in a great measure, declined. You now know who

it is that wishes for the honor of being related to you. I sincerely assure you, that I think myself happy in being informed that the lady's fortune is inferior to my own; as that may serve to convince you, that I love her for herself alone, and not for the sake of any acquisition of wealth I might gain by the alliance. I would flatter myself, that what you said of the lady's pre-engagement, was rather an excuse to try the sincerity of my attachment, than a positive determination in favor of another; and I beg that I may have permission to wait on you this afternoon, to assure the lady, of my inviolable affection, and to declare to you with how much sincerity I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant.

From a young Lady to her Father, informing him of a Proposal of Marriage being made to her.

DEAR AND HONORED SIR,

BOTH my duty and affection, oblige me to inform you, that, during my residence here, I have received several visits from a Mr. D——, who professes a sincere affection for me. His person is not disagreeable; and my aunt gives him an extraordinary character. She tells me he has been in business for himself three or four years, and has a considerable trade. She also says that she has known him from his infancy, and that he was always remarkable for the excellence of his temper. But, notwithstanding this favorable description, I can assure you (and I hope you will believe me sincere) he has not made the least impression on my heart. It was contrary to my inclinations, that he was ever brought into my company, or suffered to profess a passion that had not your approbation:

approbation: but my aunt has considerable dealings with him, and was unwilling to disoblige him. I have, however, ventured to tell him, that, as he has neglected writing to you, I resolved to take that office on myself; and insisted on not receiving another visit from him, till I had your answer. The remembrance of your indulgence and affection for me, would have made me reproach myself, for ever, had I not taken the first opportunity to inform you of this affair; and I beg that you will let me have your advice.

I am, with my humble duty to you,
Your dutiful and obedient Daughter.

The Father's Answer.

DEAR ——,

THE proof, your letter gave me, of your duty, and discretion, afforded me great pleasure. The tender affection, I feel for you, will induce me to take the first opportunity, of enquiring into Mr. D.'s character; and if it answers my hopes, I shall gladly consent to an union, which affords you a prospect of happiness. In the mean time, it will be well for you to keep on your guard. His professions may be the unmeaning flattery of a person whose only view is trifling away a leisure hour. Even if what you have heard of him be true, all the lustre of his good qualities may be tarnished by some private vices, which are so well concealed as to baffle common observation; and under the warmest protestations of sincerity, may lurk some villanous design upon your honour. Not that I would have you encourage a suspicious temper; but, in the present case, it is necessary to be cautious: for, his not acquainting me with his intentions, gives but too much reason for suspicion; and the importance of an event on which your

your happiness, or misery for life depends, calls for the utmost circumspection. Keep him therefore at a distance. Desire your aunt to intimate to him (if she or you have not already done so) that you are not at your own disposal. But if you find that his person, or any part of his conduct, are so disagreeable to you, as to make it impossible for him to gain your affections, I would not have your aunt give him any hopes, that my consent can be of any advantage to him; for I shall never desire you to marry a man you cannot love. I shall endeavour to gain, as perfect a knowledge of him, as I possibly can; and if I have reason to think him worthy of you, and you are disposed to favor his passion, I shall rejoice in contributing, all in my power, to your felicity. I am, my dear girl,

Your ever affectionate Father, &c. &c.

From a young Gentleman nearly out of his Apprenticeship, to the Father of a Lady.

WERE I not conscious, that my behaviour during my apprenticeship, would plead in my favor with you, who are so well acquainted with the family in which I live, I should not dare to write to you on this occasion. But before I presume to write to you on the subject of this letter, permit me to observe that my apprenticeship will expire at ——— next; when, besides my expectations from my relations, I shall have 1000l. at my own disposal; which, with the knowledge I have acquired of my business, will enable me to enter into trade, with some degree of reputation, and with a prospect of success. Having laid before you, Sir, a faithful account of the state of my affairs, I must beg your permission to add, that I have

have, for a long time, secretly admired your daughter. I say secretly, because I have not ventured to mention it before, and never shall to the young lady, unless this meets with your approbation. I am wholly ignorant in what light you may regard this address, as well, as what proportion my fortune bears, to that, you intend to give your daughter; but of this I am certain, that though she may meet with more advantageous offers, in point of external circumstances, yet, for sincere affection, none can excel him, who is, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant.

The Father's Answer.

WHAT may be my daughter's thoughts of your proposal, I know not; but this I must observe to you, that I am determined not to influence her, in an affair of this kind, where I think she ought to have her own free choice. What I have heard, and seen of your behaviour, makes any farther enquiry into your character unnecessary; and if your affairs are as you represent them, I shall have no objection; but of this you will allow me to make proper enquiries. As I have a son to provide for, I shall not be able to give my daughter much on the day of her marriage; but, at my death, her fortune will be at least equal to your's. I must confess, that I am pleased with your writing to me on this subject, before you mentioned it to my daughter; and I freely consent to your acquainting her with your sentiments: however, I would not advise you to do this by letter; for, as she is frequently at your house, you may open your mind to her by degrees, which will be better, than an abrupt declaration; and, if she is disposed to favor your passion, she will meet with no opposition

opposition from me. I shall be ready, whenever you may think proper, to talk with you farther on this subject;

And am, your's, &c.

To a young Lady on her keeping Company with a Gentleman of bad Character.

DEAR COUSIN,

THE natural affection, and concern I feel for every thing which relates to you, obliges me to inform you, that people begin to talk very freely of you and Mr. H. who has frequently been seen with you, of late, in several public places. It gives me pain to tell you, that this reflects on your prudence, as he is known to be a profest rake, and one who commonly boasts of favors received from your sex, whose fondness for him, is the constant subject of his merriment and ridicule. There is reason to fear, that, his boasts of this kind are not entirely groundless; and it may reasonably be concluded, that the designs of such a man, are far from being honorable. But though, all his endeavours to undermine your virtue, should be ineffectual, yet you cannot be known to give him your company, and converse with him, without laying your reputation open to the shafts of slander, for, though I know you despise him, as every woman must do, so arrogant a coxcomb, yet, as it is an universal maxim, that people are known by the company they keep, you will find your most innocent actions misrepresented, and turned to your disadvantage. Therefore, if you respect your family and friends, if you value your peace

peace of mind, or that jewel, your reputation, avoid him and all such company, as you would a pestilence.

I am, dear Cousin,

Most affectionately your's.

To a Gentleman who was jealous of his Wife.

SIR,

THE most inviolable friendship and esteem for you, and your family, are my only inducements for taking this liberty: a liberty, which you, perhaps, will scarcely forgive, though it proceeds from the most generous motives, and is intended to secure you, and yours, that happiness, which I think you deserve.—I was at the play last night, with your lady, and the rest of the company who dined with us. You was to have been of the party, but excused yourself on a pretence of business, and a prior engagement which you could not defer. But how amazed was I, when I saw you in disguise, mixed with a crowd in the pit, watching every look and action of your wife! 'Tis true, she is of a gay disposition; but cheerful people, though most liable to misrepresentation, are, generally speaking, the most innocent; for they alone can long be merry, who have no evil in the mind nor canker at the heart. But jealousy, always sees with jaundiced eyes; every thing is misrepresented or discoloured; and I am sorry to find that you are seeking your own unhappiness. All that you feel, is founded on fear, and the mischief is entirely of your own making. Do you imagine women of sense, have no sense of honour? Your lady has never deserved this behaviour from you. I have known her

her longer than you have, and never saw any thing in her conduct, but what was perfectly inoffensive. Her affection for you, I know to be great and unalterable; and I do not believe there is a worthier woman in the world. How then can you debase yourself, and scandalise her virtue, by behaving in this manner? I hope nobody perceived it but myself; and I beg, for the sake of yourself and family, that this may go no further, and that you will excuse this well-meant letter, from

Sir,

Your most humble servant, &c.

The Gentleman's answer.

MADAM,

YOUR conjectures are too true; I am unhappy, and know not how to help it. There is something in my wife's conduct that not only displeases, but almost distracts me; nor shall I recover myself till I have cleared up the doubts that disturb me: and this I have, for some time past, been vainly attempting. I am still embarrassed; and know not whether to attribute her behaviour to a gaiety of disposition, and a wish to please the company, or to levity of mind and disregard of me. If I did not love her, I should not be thus unhappy; but she has my whole heart; and it is natural for a man to centre his cares, where he has placed his treasure.—I thank you for your letter, and beg it may be secret; but I never shall be able to pursue your advice, so entirely as I would do, till some circumstances respecting her conduct are cleared up; which time and attention may possibly effect. I do not intend to lead a life of jealousy; but I must and will be satisfied.—I am, with the most perfect respect and esteem,

Madam, Yours, &c.

Another

A Mother to her Daughter, who was jealous of her Husband.

MY DEAR ——,

I AM much concerned to learn that you suspect the fidelity of your husband. Let me entreat you, as you love your own happiness, to suppress the early risings of a passion that can procure you nothing but the keenest anguish of heart, and to turn a deaf ear to the tales of officious and wicked people, who, perhaps, find an interest in setting you at variance. O, my child! beware of a suspicion, which, if indulged, will not only give you much present uneasiness, but, by spoiling your temper, wean from you the affections of your husband. If he is innocent, which is very probable, your suspicion is one of the greatest injuries, and the blackest act of injustice that can be done him; and, if you give way to your resentment, you are in danger of precipitating him into the very course you so much dread, and of rendering those evils real, which are now only imaginary. For I cannot seriously imagine that a man of his sense can be guilty of any thing so base and foolish. But supposing that what you heard is but too true, your reproaches would make him fly totally from you, to one who will take his part, and harden his heart against you for ever. Thus you would yourself contribute to her triumph; while he, seeing that he has no longer need of reserve, will grow hardened in his vices, and openly pursue that course, which he would otherwise have followed privately and by stealth, for fear of its coming to your knowledge. Let me therefore entreat you to summon all your prudence; and instead of loading him with reproaches, and driving him by your ill humour to her, you wish him to

actions. But, being checked in their ardor by the insinuating breath of slander, they are taught to remember that they are mortal; are kept in their proper channel; and having the end they aim at, kept clear in view, are enabled to reach the destined port, blessed with the internal satisfaction, and crowned with unfading honor. Then let not misrepresentation, from what quarter soever it may proceed, turn you from the path of rectitude; but rather stimulate you to perseverance. Time will expose the fallacy of your opponents, and render your applause more permanent and sure. For

"Envy will merit, as it's shade, pursue;
And, like a shadow, proves the substance true."

I am, dear Sir, your's, &c.

To a Friend, in answer to his Complaint of the Incontinence of his Mistress.

DEAR ——,

I AM sorry to learn, that you could suffer yourself to be so idolatrously fond of any human being, as to be thrown in such a vehemence of passion at the loss of the object of your affections. I own, that when I was last with you, your affairs wore such a settled appearance, that I expected to have heard of your union before this time; and I am fearful that your own delay has, in some measure, been the cause of the alteration you complain of, if any such alteration has really taken place, of which I am not quite certain. I think myself, on the present occasion, better qualified to judge impartially than yourself; for I regard it as a certainty, that people in love are like nobody else but themselves. My advice is, briefly this,—scrutinize into your own conduct first, then carefully examine her's, and act as honor dictates. In her conduct,

conduct, she may be actuated by a little female levity (perhaps merely to try your temper) which, though in some measure blameable, is far from being absolutely criminal; for if you expect her not to look at, or speak to any body but yourself, your desires are unreasonable, and you expect what you never will meet with, in her, or any other woman breathing. It is a rule which I believe admits of no exceptions, that there is no true love but what is liable to be tinctured with jealousy. A very distresssing anxiety will certainly possess the bosom, at the slightest prospect of losing the object of our affections. But as that person is worthy of little esteem, who can be regardless of promises and vows, once solemnly made and plighted, so far as to give cause for jealousy—it behoves all, who regard their own peace of mind, to avoid giving much way to an impulse which evinces such strength of the passions and weakness of the resolution. If, on a strict examination, you find that she has actually deserted you, in spite of all that has passed between you, and without any provocation on your part; consign her to that contempt she justly merits, and forget her as speedily as possible. But I am not without some apprehensions, that you will find you have injured her by unjust suspicions; if so, let the secret die here; for should she know that she had been suspected by you, it might tend to lessen you much in her esteem.

Hoping that I shall soon hear of a reconciliation (and consequently, an union.) I remain,

Your sincere Friend and Well-wisher.

On Honor.

DEAR SIR,

HONOR is what every one talks of, yet very few practise, or even understand; though a few

minutes consideration will make its true nature evident. It is that secret effort of the soul, which prompts a man to the practice of the moral duties; and, next to a true sense of religion, forms the ground-work of human happiness. Duelling, whatever be the provocation, cannot be the path of real honor; as the decision is not dependant on justice. Whether a sword or a pistol be the arbitrator, it is evident—that superior skill must rule in one case, and accident in the other. It seems necessary for a man to be able to defend himself; as, in case of an attack on his person or property, redress, or protection, from human laws is not always attainable in an instant: yet, duelling is never to be vindicated, or even excused; as, in all cases, it evinces a blood-thirsty disposition. Honor is that instinctive particle in the human composition, which (if not overpowered by the tyranny of anger, revenge, and other-like destructive passions) will direct the head and hand to rectitude—turn the heart from every thing base and profligate—correct the incroachments of false pride on the mind—and fill the soul with the milk of human kindness. It enables its possessor to look with pity on the titled villain, who, pluming himself with the lustre of his pedigree, stains, by his follies and vices, the station he ought to adorn; the elevation of which his ancestors had merited by their own genuine excellence. The man of real honor, if his ancestry be noble, will endeavour to make himself worthy the name of their descendant, and will transmit their lustre (if not augmented, at least undiminished) to his posterity; and, if his origin is humble, the probity of his own heart will excite within him a virtuous emulation, which will render his name superior to oblivion. Any further remarks seem to be unnecessary. If, after what

what has been already said, a man's own heart is so degenerate as to be unable to direct him, all the instruction in the world will be of little service.

I am, &c. &c.

On Friendship.

SIR,

A REAL friend is undoubtedly one of the greatest blessings which fate can throw into the lot of a mortal: but false appearances are so frequent in society, that it behoves a man to be cautious in making his choice; for intimacies that are suddenly contracted, are generally productive of disappointments that give a lasting uneasiness. Loquacious people, and such as practise a forward complacency, I would have you always regard as dangerous: such persons frequently make it a principal part of their amusement, to creep into the confidence of the unwary, that they may make themselves merry by rehearsing the secrets they have, leech-like, extorted from the bosom of credulity. Let a friend, before you place any material reliance on him, be well chosen, and thoroughly tried. In making your choice, be not hasty, nor think of including a number of friends in your scheme; one good one is as much as can be expected, and let that one be selected from those who seem not over-forward to thrust themselves into your acquaintance. Be not so sanguine as to expect him to be wholly faultless; but, taking his conduct in one general view, if you find his integrity fair, you may venture to proceed; meet his advances half-way, and put him to a fair trial. If he proves to be one, who, merely to shew the superiority of his judgment, is constantly railing, with strained severity, at every trifling error of the judgment or slip of the tongue, things of little moment,

moment, and probably originating in the frailty of our nature; or, if he is over-fluent in his praises of what may seem a meritorious action, thereby feeding your vanity so that he may raise a laugh at your expence when your back is turned; in both cases, you may drop all thoughts of ever making him sincere; and, the sooner you rid yourself of such an intimacy, the better. It is in one whose conduct is diametrically opposite to that depicted above, that you are to expect a steady and valuable friend.

Your own conduct is, likewise, to be considered. This must be actuated by the principle which forms our duty to our neighbour; you must make yourself as serviceable to him, as you would have him be to you, or you cannot look for any permanence in his attachment. To expect to meet with disinterested friendship in man, is as ridiculous as that chymical delusion, the philosopher's stone. Where the interest is mutual, there, and there only, the affection will be mutual also. For, as Mr. Pope justly observes,

"True *self*-love, and *social* are the same."

While meditating on friendship, love naturally presents itself to the eye of discussion; and I shall conclude this epistle with one observation, which appears to me to include the whole of that general passion in one view. When a true friendship subsists between two persons, were it possible for either party to change his or her sex to the opposite one, that friendship would be instantly converted into love; and the person who knows what sincerity is in one case, will easily comprehend what it must be in the other.

"Let friendship only take one lighter shade,
And be in lovely woman's form display'd,

With

With ev'ry grace, and each contingent part
That gives a quick pulsation to the heart;
The mind no more variety pursues,
But centers there, and fervid love ensues.

Though numerous the turns, love's lab'rinth through,
One couplet brings them to one point of view;
Friendship and love, in nature, are the same,
And only differ in the sex and name."

I am, your's, &c.

Against a sudden Intimacy with one of a short Acquaintance.

DEAR ——,

I AM just setting out for ——, and have not leisure to say so much as I wish concerning what I now write to you. I hear that Mr. B. and you have lately, and very suddenly, contracted such an intimacy, that you are scarcely ever asunder; and, as I know his morals are not the best in the world, I fear he will, if he has not already, let you see, that he knows better what he is doing in seeking your acquaintance, than you do in cultivating his.

I am far from wishing to controul you in any necessary or innocent liberty, or to prescribe too much in your choice of a friend; nor am I against your being complaisant to strangers; but you must not think every man, whose conversation is agreeable, fit to be immediately treated as a friend. Hastily contracted friendships, of all others, promise the least duration or satisfaction; as they commonly arise from design on one side, and credulity on the other. True friendship must be the effect of long and mutual esteem and knowledge; and

and must be cemented by an equality of years, a similitude of manners, and, nearly, a parity in circumstances and degree. Generally speaking, openness to strangers carries strong marks of indiscretion along with it, and frequently ends in repentance.

For these reasons, I wish you would be on your guard, and proceed cautiously in this new alliance. Mr. B. has sufficient vivacity and humour to please any man of a light turn; but I think him fitter for the tea table than the closet. He is smart, but very superficial; and treats all serious subjects with a contempt too natural to bad minds. I know more young men than one, of whose good opinion he has taken advantage, and made them wiser than he found them, though at the expence of their own experience.

The caution I here give you, is the pure effect of my experience in life, some knowledge of your new associate, and my affection for you. The use you make of it will determine whether you merit this concern from

Your affectionate Friend, &c.

On Education.

DEAR EDWARD,

IT requires no considerable erudition to discover, that Education is the principal ingredient in the composition of a gentleman; and that a man bred up in ignorance is as much inferior as to what he ought to be, as he is superior to the brutes. The cultivation of the mind is, therefore, of the greatest importance; and no time can be so fit for it as the morning of our days, ere the heart is contaminated by the cares and disquietudes of the world. In the search after knowledge, it is necessary to adopt

adopt a regular mode of study; for, by passing hastily from one branch of science to another, you will gain only a superficial, instead of a substantial knowledge. The morning is certainly the most proper part of the day for study; because the mind is, then, in its greatest vigor, and the nerves are not rendered languid by the heat of the meridian sun, nor the comprehension clouded by the fumes of digestion. Nor would I have you confuse yourself with endeavouring to run over a great number of volumes: let your selection be small, but well chosen; and read but little, but let that little be read with attention. As you are not intended for any of the learned professions, I see no necessity for your learning any of the foreign languages, more especially those which are denominated the dead languages; for all foreign works of eminence, both antient and modern, are to be found translated into English. A thorough grammatical knowledge of your native tongue, and of history in general, especially that of your own country, seem to be absolutely necessary to every man who intends to be useful, or even only ornamental, in society; and geography, and such other sciences as open our eyes to the grandeur of Omnipotence in the construction of the universe, seem also necessary; for it is by them that the mind is rendered capable of the most refined enjoyment, and the heart opened for the reception of all the noblest sensations. Drawing and painting will also afford you a rational amusement, nor should dancing and fencing be wholly excluded. Not that I wish you to make a practice either of fighting duels or visiting ball and assembly-rooms: but by the one you will learn a genteel carriage; and the other will enable you the better to stand in your own defence, when any lawless attack is made on your person or property. Such are, in brief,

my

my sentiments on this important subject; your own judgment, improved by observing others, must direct you in the more minute particulars.

I am, &c.

To a young Lady, on Fortitude.

DEAR MARY,

THERE is no virtue I wish you to possess in a higher degree than that of Fortitude; that collected determination of the soul, which rests wholly on itself, and which enables us to discover the nearest road to happiness, and to pursue it with determined resolution. I would have you, in all things, shew a steadiness of action: this is not incompatible with the delicacy of your sex; on the contrary, it gives a degree of spirit to a mild, timid nature, which otherwise often wears the appearance of insipidity. Fortitude gives human nature its true dignity, while a giddy, wavering manner degrades it. In order to obtain this great virtue, it will be necessary to keep all our passions in such subjection, that they shall not exceed those bounds which reason and the nature of things prescribe to them. I do not regard fortitude merely as a medium between fear and rashness; but as the rule by which all the passions, which arise from a sense of danger, ought to be governed: by it we should defend ourselves from all those disquieting impressions which outward evils are apt to make on the mind. In this sense, Fortitude comprehends not only sufference, contentment, and meekness, but courage and exertion.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than to hear a passionate man pretend to this virtue, while he has no more title to it than the most irascible animal; for as to rational courage, which consists in a firm composedness of mind in the midst of disasters, these

these blusterers are the veriest cowards in nature. True fortitude consists in being armed against calamities from rational principles; and in being so guarded, that no accident from without, however melancholy, can disturb the tranquillity within. It is, in short, having such a steady power over our wayward wills, as not to be terrified in danger, impatient in suffering, angry at contempt, or revengeful under injuries; and our happiness will be proportioned to the degree in which we possess this firmness of temper. In this world we must expect to meet with disappointments; but, if we are armed with fortitude, all the accidents of life will not be able to give us any lasting disquietude. When we uncover our minds to the perplexities which befal us, we lay ourselves open to a tempest by being moved to passion. Miserable is the condition of that man who is destitute of fortitude: for, by not keeping his passions under the command of his reason, he will necessarily become a prey to every little unlucky accident which crosses him. He will be like a ship without a pilot in the midst of a tempestuous ocean, the sport of every change of weather.

By the doctrines of christianity we are strictly enjoined to practise this necessary virtue, which consists in the due regulation of the irascible affections; such as moderating anger and impatience, suppressing envy, and conquering hatred and revenge. St. Paul expressly says, "Be strengthened, with all might, unto all patience and long-suffering." And it is observable, that all the virtues which are comprehended in this one of fortitude, are reckoned among the fruits of that blessed spirit by which we are to be guided. "But the fruit of the spirit is peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness;" Gal. ver. 22. all which are but fortitude, exerting itself on our base affections,

and directing them to those rules which reason prescribes, and setting such limits to them as are necessary to our peace and happiness. If you follow this advice, your mind will be elevated above the reach of injury, and you will experience that pure and uninterrupted satisfaction which is the sincere and ardent wish of

Your's, &c.

On the Advantages of a Taste for the Beauties of Nature.

DEAR ——,

THAT cultivated and improved sensibility to beauty, which we term taste, is diffused universally through the human species; and it is most uniform respecting those objects which, by being placed out of our power, are not liable to variation from accident, caprice, or fashion. The verdant lawn, the shady grove, the variegated landscape, the boundless ocean, and the starry firmament, are all contemplated with pleasure by every attentive beholder: but the emotions of different spectators, though similar in kind, are widely different in degree; and to relish, with full delight, the enchanting scenes of nature, the mind must be uncorrupted by base motives, quick in her sensibilities, elevated in her sentiments, and devout in her affections. He who possesses such exalted powers of perception and enjoyment, may, in defiance of every change of fortune, revel in the possession of the most refined of all earthly enjoyments; for they will qualify and prompt him to the practice of every virtue. Perhaps such ardent enthusiasm may not be compatiable with the necessary toils and active offices which Provi-

de

dence has assigned to the generality of men; but there are none to whom some portion of it may not prove advantageous: and if every individual cherished it, in a degree consistent with the duties of his station, the felicity of human life would be considerably augmented. From this source the refined pleasures of the imagination are almost entirely derived; and the elegant arts owe their choicest beauties to a taste for the contemplation of nature. Painting and sculpture are express imitations of visible objects; and poetry would be divested of her principal power to please, were she stripped of the imagery and embellishments she borrows from rural scenes. Painters, statuaries, and poets are always proud to acknowledge themselves the pupils of nature; and, as their skill encreases, they grow more and more delighted with every view of the animal and vegetable world.

Natural and moral beauty bear so intimate a relation to each other, that they may be considered as different gradations in ascending to excellence; and the knowledge and relish of the former is to be deemed only as a step to the nobler and more permanent enjoyments of the latter.

The contemplation of rural scenes, contributes powerfully to inspire that serenity, which is necessary to enjoy and heighten their beauties. By a sweet contagion the soul catches the harmony which she contemplates, and the frame within assimilates itself to that which is without. In this state of sweet composure, we become susceptible of virtuous impressions from almost every surrounding object. The patient ox is viewed with generous complacency; the guileless sheep, with pity; and the playful lamb raises emotions of tenderness and love. We rejoice with the horse, in his liberty and exemption from toil, while he ranges at large through enamelled pastures; and the frolics

lics of the colt afford delight, which are alloyed only by the bondage he is soon to undergo. We are charmed with the songs of birds, soothed with the buz of insects, and pleased with the sportive motions of the fishes, because these are expressions of enjoyment; and we exult in the felicity of the whole animated creation. Thus an equal and extensive benevolence is called into exertion; and, having felt a common interest in the gratifications of inferior beings, we shall not be indifferent to their sufferings, nor wantonly instrumental in producing them.

It seems to be the intention of Providence, that the lower orders of animals should be subservient to the comfort, convenience, and sustenance of man. But his right of dominion extends no farther; and if this right be exercised with mildness, humanity, and justice, the subjects of his power will be as much benefitted as himself: for various species of living creatures are annually multiplied by human art, improved in their perceptive powers by human culture, and plentifully fed by human industry. Thus the relation is reciprocal, between such animals and man; and he may supply his own wants by the use of their labour, the produce of their bodies, and even the sacrifice of their lives; while he is himself an instrument, in the hands of all-gracious heaven, for promoting happiness, the great end of existence.

Though it be true, with respect to different orders of sensitive beings, that partial evil is universal good; and that it is a wise and benevolent institution of nature to make destruction itself, within certain limitations, the cause of an increase of life and enjoyment; yet a generous person will extend his compassionate regard to every individual that suffers for his sake; and he will naturally be solicitous to mitigate pain, both in duration and degree,

gree, by adopting the gentlest modes of inflicting it.

I am inclined to believe, however, that this sense of humanity would soon be obliterated, and the heart grow callous to every soft impression, were it not for the benignant influence of the smiling face of nature. But the taste for natural beauty is subservient to higher purposes than those which have been enumerated; and the cultivation of it not only refines and humanizes, but dignifies and exalts the affections. It elevates them to the admiration and love of that Being, who is the author of all that is fair, sublime, and good in the creation. Scepticism and irreligion are ill compatiable with the sensibility of heart which arises from a just and lively relish of the wisdom, harmony, and order subsisting in the world around us: and emotions of piety must rise spontaneously in that bosom which beats in unison with all animated nature. Actuated by this divine inspiration, and glowing with devout fervor, he joins his song to the universal chorus; or muses the praise of the Almighty in silence more expressive.

I am, &c.

To a Friend, on the Effects of Prosperity and Adversity on the Human Mind.

DEAR ——,

IT is a favorite topic with moralists in general, to rail at prosperity as the destroyer of all the noble qualities that adorn human nature. The readiest way of accounting for the universality of this opinion is, that most authors, being poor, are actuated by similar motives with the fox when he exclaimed against the *sour grapes*.

Prosperity, I grant, is so great an incentive to pride, that its possessors are very apt to forget their duty as men, and to look on all who are not so fortunate as themselves, as an inferior species of animals: but we frequently see adversity produce the same effect, though from a different cause. Excessive indigence will condense the efforts of the soul beneath the proper level, as much as the extreme of affluence will inflate them above it: and, for the honour of our nature be it remembered, history abounds with instances of great and wealthy men, who have been as good as they were affluent; and scarcely an assize passes in any county town in the kingdom, without furnishing many melancholy proofs of depravity of morals among the lowest classes of society.

The station of life which appears most likely to make men virtuous and happy, is that which lies between the two extremes of abundant prosperity and indigent adversity; where the mind is at ease from all apprehensions of absolute want, and free to instigate the man to act his part justly in the creation; yet, where he is not endowed with such an indpendence, but that he knows the full weight of the lower orders of society in the grand scale of existence, his circumstances are not so streightened as to render him liable to be biassed by any purse-proud neighbour; nor does he possess such an independence in point of property, as to make him unmindful of what he owes to the meanest of his fellow-creatures. If such a man is long unhappy, it must be the fault of his own disposition.

The affluent man, by his abundance, the pride of family, the honours and titles of distinction heaped on him by his prince, and the plaudits of a (perhaps mistaken) nation, may gradually be lulled into a lethargy that will make him heedless of his duty to society, and render him unworthy of the lustre

lustre of his ancestry, and the honours he enjoys from the partiality of his sovereign. But if, amidst all these tempting lures to forgetfulness, he has magnanimity sufficient to preserve his virtue, great and glorious will be his career through life, his exit will be illustrious, and his memory held sacred. This must be the summit of human happiness.

The needy man, if the lowliness of his station teaches him a becoming humility, while a consciousness of internal rectitude prevents his degenerating into mean servility; if, while struggling with oppression, he maintains his probity untainted, and performs his duty towards God and his neighbour in a manner suitable to the rational intelects with which he is endowed, and the divine tenets inculcated by the Saviour of the world, though the finger of scorn be pointed at him, and the pride and insolence of others prevent his emerging from obscurity in this world; yet he may, though overwhelmed with temporal calamities, look forward with confidence to those regions of happiness, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." In the enjoyment of the prospect he will be happy.

To expect a total emancipation from anxiety and care, in any station of life, would be illusory and vain; it would so limit our ideas to things terrestrial, as to unfit us for all preparations for futurity. The mind would be estranged from the performance of its proper functions, by the idea of meeting with permanent happiness on this side of the grave. No station can be so exalted, as to be wholly free from crosses and disappointments; nor any so depressed, but that a ray of comfort will sometimes break through the gloom, and give the mind tranquillity and ease. Guilt alone can give durable misery; in that case, all the riches of

the world are insufficient to silence a self-accusing conscience.

Hence it appears (and common observation will prove it to be true) that, with virtue at heart, as much happiness as can reasonably be expected on earth, may be the lot of any man, in one station as well as in another.

Wishing you, my dear friend, as much of that sweetener of life as your own heart can wish,

I remain, &c.

A Letter by Locke, on the Advantages of Friendship.

SIR,

YOU look with the eyes, and speak the language of friendship, when you make my life of much more concern to the world than your own. I take it, as it is, for an effect of your kindness, and so shall not accuse you of compliment; the mistakes and overvaluings of good-will being always sincere, even when they exceed what common truth allows. This on my side I must beg you to believe, that my life would be much more pleasant and useful to me if you were within my reach, that I might sometimes enjoy your conversation, and, upon twenty occasions, lay my thoughts before you, and have the advantage of your judgment. I cannot complain that I have not my share of friends of all ranks, and such whose interest, assistance, affection, and opinions too, in fit cases, I can rely on. But methinks, for all this, there is one place vacant, that I know nobody that would so well fill as yourself: I want one near me to talk freely with, and to propose to, the extravagancies that rise in my mind;

mind; one with whom I would debate several doubts and questions, to see what was in them. Meditating by one's self is like digging in the mine; it often, perhaps, brings up maiden earth, which never came near the light before; but whether it contain any metal in it, is never so well tried as in conversation with a knowing judicious friend, who carries about him the true touchstone, which is love of truth in a clear-thinking head. Men of parts and judgment the world usually gets hold of, and by a great mistake (that their abilities of mind are lost, if not employed in the pursuit of wealth and power) engages them in the ways of fortune and interest, which usually leave but little freedom or leisure of thought for pure disinterested truth. And such who give themselves up frankly, and in earnest, to the full latitude of real knowledge, are not every where to be met with. Wonder not, therefore, that I wish so much for you in my neighbourhood; I should be too happy in a friend of your make, were you within my reach. But yet I cannot but wish that some business would once bring you within distance; and it is a pain to me to think of leaving the world, without the happiness of seeing you.

I do not wonder that a kinsman of yours should magnify civilities that scarce deserve that name; I know not wherein they consisted, but in being glad to see one that was any way related to you, and was himself a very ingenious man; either of those was a title to more than I did, or could shew him. I am sorry I have not yet had an opportunity to wait on him in London, and I fear he should be gone before I am able to get thither. This long winter and cold spring has hung very heavy upon my lungs, and they are not yet in a case to be ventured in London air, which must be

my

my excuse for not waiting upon him and Dr. Ashe yet.

I am, &c.

Dr. Moore to a Friend, on Gaming.

DEAR ——,

I WAS greatly disappointed by your not coming to town as you intended, having been for some time impatient to inform you of what passed between your young friend —— and me; I relied till the moment of our departure, on having an opportunity of doing this personally. Since our arrival at Paris, my time has been taken up with certain indispensable arrangements for the Duke of Hamilton, and I now seize the first occasion of communicating the whole to you, in the only manner at present in my power.

You well remember the uneasiness you once expressed to me on account of that gentleman's propensity to gaming, and of the inconveniences to which he had been put by some recent losses; you will also remember the resolutions which, in consequence of your request, he formed against play; but you have yet to learn, that he resumed the dice before the month was ended, in which he had determined never to touch them more, and concluded one unfortunate night, by throwing away a sum far exceeding any of his former losses.

Ashamed of his weakness, he carefully concealed his misfortune from you, and thereby has been subject to some distresses of a more mortifying nature than any he had formerly felt.

What shocked him most was a circumstance which will not greatly astonish you—the indifference

ence which many, who call themselves his friends, shewed at his situation, and the coldness with which they excused themselves from making any attempt to relieve him from his difficulties. Several to whom he had advanced considerable sums in the days of his good fortune, declared a perfect inability of repaying any part of their debt. They told some sad tale of an unforeseen accident, which had put that entirely out of their power for the present, yet one of those unfortunate gentlemen, the same evening that he refused to repay our friend, lost double the sum, every farthing of which he actually paid in ready money. Mr. ———'s expectations from those resources having in a great measure failed, he applied to Mr. I———, in the city, who supplied with money at legal interest, sufficient to clear all his debts, for which he has granted him a mortgage on his estate.—— While our young friend informed me of all this, he declared, that the remorse he felt on the recollection of his folly, was infinitely greater than any pleasure he had ever experienced from winning, or could enjoy from the utmost success. He expressed, at the same time, a strong sense of obligation to you and to me, for our endeavours to wean him from the habit of gaming, regretted that they had not been sooner successful; but was happy to find, that he still had enough left to enable him to live in a decent manner, agreeable to a plan of œconomy which he has laid down, and to which he is resolved to adhere till the mortgage is relieved. "I have now (added he in a solemn manner) formed an ultimate resolution against gaming for the rest of my life; if I ever deviate from this you have a right to consider me as devoid of manly firmness and truth, unworthy of your friendship, and the weakest of mortals."

Notwith-

Notwithstanding the young gentleman's failure on a former occasion, yet the just reflections he made on his past conduct, and the determined manner in which he spoke, give me great hopes that he will keep his present resolution.—To him I seemed fully persuaded of this, and ventured to say, that I could scarcely regret his last run of bad luck which had operated so blessed an effect; for he who has the vigour to disentangle himself from the snares of deep play, at the expence of half his fortune, and with his character entire, may on the whole be esteemed a fortunate man. I, therefore, insisted strongly on the wisdom of his plan, which I contrasted with the usual determination of those who have been unlucky at play. Without fortitude to retrench their expences, or bear their misfortunes, they can only bring themselves the length of resolving to renounce gaming *as soon as they shall regain what they have lost;* and imagining they have still a claim to the money which is now in the pockets of others, because it was once in their own, they throw away their whole fortune in search of an inconsiderable part, and finish by being completely ruined, because they could not support a small inconvenience. I pointed out how infinitely more honourable it was to depend for repairing his fortune on his own good sense and perseverance, than on the revolutions of chance; which, even if this should be favourable, could only re-establish him at the expence of others, most probably of those who had no hand in occasioning his losses. His inseparable companion ——— ——— entered while I was in the middle of my harangue. Our friend, who had previously acquainted him with his determination of renouncing gaming, endeavoured to prevail on that gentleman to adopt the same measure but in vain.

vain. ——— ——— laughed at his proposal, said "he was too easily terrified; that one tolerable run of fortune would retrieve his affairs; that my fears about ruin were mere bug bears; that the word *ruin*, like cannon charged with powder, had an alarming sound, but was attended with no danger; that if the worst should happen, he could but be ruined; which was only being in the same situation of the most fashionable people in the nation." He then enumerated many instances of those who lived as well as the wealthiest man in England, and yet every body pronounced them ruined. "There is Charles Fox, added he, a man completely ruined; yet beloved by his friends, and admired by his country as much as ever."

To this fine reasoning I replied, "That the loss of fortune could not ruin Mr. Fox; that if nobody had been influenced by that gentleman's example, except those who possessed his genius, his turn for play would never have hurt one man in the kingdom; but that those who owed their importance solely to their fortune, ought not to risk it wantonly as he might do, whose fortune had always been of little importance, when compared with his abilities; and since they could not imitate Mr. Fox, in the things for which he was so justly applauded, they ought not to follow his example in those for which he was as justly condemned; for the same fire which burns a piece of wood to ashes, can only melt a guinea, which still retains its intrinsic value, *though his Majesty's countenance no longer shines on it.*"

——— ——— did not seem to relish my argument, and soon after left us; but our young friend seemed confirmed in his resolutions, and gave me fresh assurances, the day on which he left London, that he never would vary.

Knowing the interest you take in his welfare, and the high esteem he has for you, I have thought it right to give you this piece of information, which I know will afford you pleasure. His greatest difficulty in adhering to the new adopted plan will be at first; in his present state of mind, the soothings and support of friendship may be of the greatest service.

When your affairs permit you to go to London, I dare say you will take the earliest opportunity of throwing yourself in his way: you will find no difficulty in persuading him to accompany you to the country. Removed for some months from his present companions and usual lounging places, the influence of his old habits will gradually diminish; and confirmed by your conversation, small chance will remain of his being sucked into the old system, and again whirled round in the vortex of dissipation and gaming.

I am, &c.

Dr. Isaac Schomberg to a young Lady, on Reading for Improvement.

MADAM,

CONFORMABLE to your desire, and my promise, I present you with a few thoughts on the method of reading; which you would have had sooner, only that you gave me leave to set them down at my leisure hours. I have complied with your request in both these particulars; so that you see, Madam, how absolute your commands are over me. If my remarks should answer your expectations, and the purpose for which they were intended; if they should in the least conduce to the

the spending your time in a more profitable and agreeable manner than most of your sex generally do, it will give me a pleasure equal at least to that you will receive.

It were to be wished that the female part of the human creation, on whom Nature has poured out so many charms with so lavish a hand, would pay some regard to the cultivating their minds and improving their understanding. It is easily accomplished. Would they bestow a fourth part of the time they throw away on the trifles and gewgaws of dress, in reading proper books, it would perfectly answer their purpose. Not that I am against the ladies adorning their persons; let them be set off with all the ornaments that art and nature can conspire to produce for their embellishment, but let it be with reason and good sense, not caprice and humour; for there is good sense in dress, as in all things else. Strange doctrine to some! but I am sure, Madam, you know there is — You practise it.

The first rule to be laid down to any one who reads to improve, is never to read but with attention. As the abstruse parts of learning are not necessary to the accomplishment of one of your sex, a small degree of it will suffice. I would throw the subjects, of which the ladies ought not to be wholly ignorant, under the following heads:

HISTORY,
MORALITY,
POETRY.

The first employs the memory, the second the judgment, and the third the imagination.

Whenever you undertake to read History, make a small abstract of the memorable events, and set down in what year they happened. If you entertain yourself with the life of a famous person, do the same by his most remarkable actions, with the

addition of the year and the place he was born at and died. You will find these great helps to your memory, as they will lead you to remember what you do not write down, by a sort of chain that links the whole history together.

Books on Morality deserve an exact reading. There are none in our language more useful and entertaining than the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians. They are the standards of the English tongue, and as such should be read over and over again; for as we imperceptibly slide into the manner and habits of those persons with whom we most frequently converse; so reading being as it were a silent conversation, we insensibly write and talk in the style of the authors we have the most often read, and who have left the deepest impressions on our mind. Now, in order to retain what you read on the various subjects that fall under the head of Morality, I would advise you to mark, with a pencil, whatever you find worth remembering. If a passage should strike you, mark it down in the margin; if an expression, draw a line under it; if a whole paper in the fore-mentioned books, or any others, which are written in the same loose and unconnected manner, make an asterisk over the first line. By these means you will select the most valuable, and they will sink deeper in your memory than the rest, on repeated reading, by being distinguished from them.

The last article is Poetry. The way of distinguishing good Poetry from bad, is to turn it out of verse into prose, and see whether the thought is natural, and the words adapted to it; or whether they are not too big and sounding, or too low and mean, for the sense they would convey. This rule will prevent you from being imposed on by bombast and fustian, which with many passes for sublime; for smooth verses, which run off the ear with

an

an easy cadence and harmonious turn, very often impose nonsense on the world, and are like your fine dressed beaux, who pass for fine gentlemen. Divest both from their outward ornaments, and people are surprised they could have been so easily deluded.

I have now, Madam, given a few rules, and those such only as are really necessary. I could have added more; but these will be sufficient to enable you to read without burdening your memory, and yet with another view, besides that of barely killing time, as too many are accustomed to do.

The task you have imposed on me, is a strong proof of your knowing the true value of time, and always having improved it to the best advantage, were there no other; and that there are other proofs, those who have the pleasure of being acquainted with you can tell.

As for my part, Madam, you have done me too much honor, by singling me out from all your acquaintance on this occasion, to say any thing that would not look like flattery; you yourself would think it so, were I to do you the common justice all your friends allow you; I must therefore be silent on this head, and only say, that I shall think myself well rewarded in return, if you will believe me to be, with the utmost sincerity, as I really am,

Madam,

Your faithful humble servant.

Mr. Pope to the Hon. Robert Digby, on the proper Way of keeping Christmas.

DEAR ROBERT,

IT is now the season to wish you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another: but

both these you know how to make yourself, by only continuing such a life as you have been long accustomed to lead. As for good works, they are things I dare not name, either to those that do them, or to those that do them not: the first are too modest, and the latter too selfish, to bear the mention of what are become either too old fashioned, or too private, to constitute any part of the vanity or reputation of the present age. However, it were to be wished people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes, merely in case any of them should by chance come into fashion again; as ancient fardingales revive in modern hooped petticoats.

They tell me, that at Coleshill certain antiquated charities, and obsolete devotions, are yet subsisting: that a thing called christian cheerfulness (not incompatible with Christmas pies and plum broth) whereof frequent is the mention in old sermons and almanacks, is really kept alive and in practice: that feeding the hungry, and giving alms to the poor, do yet make a part of good house-keeping, in a latitude not more remote from London than fourscore miles: and lastly, that prayers and roast-beef actually make some people as happy as licentiousness and a bottle. But here in town, I assure you, men, women and children have done with these things. Charity not only begins, but ends at home. Instead of the four cardinal virtues, now reign four courtly ones: we have cunning for prudence, rapine for justice, time-serving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance. Whatever you may fancy where you live in a state of ignorance, and see nothing but quiet, religion, and good humour, the case is just as I tell you where people understand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

I wish

I wish that Heaven would open the eyes of men, and make them sensible which of these is right; whether, upon a due conviction, we are to quit faction, and gaming, and high feeding, and all manner of luxury, and to take to your country way? or you to leave prayers, and almsgiving, and reading, and exercise, and come into our measures? I wish (I say) that this matter were as clear to all men, as it is to

Your affectionate, &c.

Dr. Swift to a young Lady on her Marriage.

MADAM,

THE hurry and impertinence of receiving and paying visits on account of your marriage being now over, you are beginning to enter into a course of life where you will want much advice to divert you from falling into many errors, fopperies, and follies, to which your sex are subject. I have always borne an intire friendship to your father and mother; and the person they have chosen for your husband hath been, for some years past, my particular favourite. I have long wished you might come together, because I hoped, from the goodness of your disposition, and by following the counsel of wise friends, you might, in time, make yourself worthy of him. Your parents were so far in the right, that they did not introduce you much into the world, whereby you avoided many wrong steps, which others have taken, and have fewer ill impressions to be removed; but they failed, as is generally the case, in too much neglecting to cultivate your mind, without which it is impossible to acquire or preserve the friendship and esteem of a wise man, who soon grows weary of acting the lover,

lover, and treating his wife like a mistress, but wants a reasonable companion and true friend through every stage of life. It must be therefore your business to qualify yourself for those offices, wherein I will not fail to be your director as long as I shall think you deserve it, by letting you know how you are to act, and what you ought to avoid.

And beware of despising or neglecting my instructions, whereon will depend not only your making a good figure in the world, but your own real happiness, as well as that of the person, who ought to be the dearest to you.

I must therefore desire you, in the first place, to be very slow in changing the modest behaviour of a virgin. It is usual, in young wives, before they have been many weeks married, to assume a bold forward look and manner of talking, as if they intended to signify, in all companies, that they were no longer girls, and, consequently, that their whole demeanor, before they got a husband, was all but a countenance and constraint upon their nature; whereas I suppose, if the votes of wise men were gathered, a very great majority would be in favour of those ladies, who, after they entered into that state, rather chose to double their portion of modesty and reservedness.

I must likewise warn you strictly against the least degree of fondness to your husband before any witness whatsoever, even before your nearest relations, or the very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is so exceeding odious and disgustful to all who have good breeding or good sense, that they assign two very unamiable reasons for it, the one is gross hypocrisy, the other has too bad a name to mention. If there is any difference to be made, your husband is the lowest person in company, either at home or abroad; and every gentleman present

present has a better claim to all marks of civility and distinction from you. Conceal your esteem and love in your own breast; reserve your kind looks and language for private hours, which are so many in the four and twenty, that they will afford time to employ a passion as exalted as any that was ever described in a French romance.

Upon this head I should likewise advise you, to differ in practice from those ladies who affect abundance of uneasiness while their husbands are abroad, start with every knock at the door, and ring the bell incessantly for the servants to let their master in; will not eat a bit at dinner or supper if her husband happens to stay out, and receive him at his return, with such a medley of chiding and kindness, and catechising him where he has been, that a shrew from Billingsgate would be the more easy and eligible companion.

Of the same leaven are those wives, who, when their husbands are gone a journey, must have a letter every post, upon pain of fits and hysterics; and a day must be fixed for a return home, without the least allowance for business, or sickness, or accidents, or weather: upon which I can only say, that, in my observation, those ladies who are apt to make the greatest clatter on such occasions, would liberally have paid a messenger for bringing them news that their husbands had broken their necks on the road.

You will perhaps be offended, when I advise you to abate a little of that violent passion for fine clothes so predominant in your sex. It is a little hard, that ours, for whose sake you wear them, are not admitted to be of your council. I may venture to affirm, that we will make an abatement at any time of four pounds a year in a brocade, if the ladies will but allow a suitable addition of cleanliness and sweetness in their persons; for the satyrical

satyrical part of mankind will needs believe, that it is not impossible to be very fine and very filthy; and that the capacities of a lady are sometimes apt to fall short in cultivating comeliness and finery together? I shall only add, upon so tender a subject, what a pleasant gentleman said concerning a silly woman of quality, That nothing could make her supportable but cutting off her head; for his ears were offended by her tongue, and his nose by her hair and teeth.

I am wholly at a loss how to advise you in the choice of company, which however is a point of as great importance as any in your life. If your general acquaintance be among ladies who are your equals or superiors, provided they have nothing of what is commonly called an ill reputation, you think you are safe; and this, in the stile of the world, will pass for good company; whereas I am afraid it will be hard for you to pick out one female acquaintance in this town, from whom you will not be in manifest danger of contracting some foppery, affectation, vanity, folly, or vice. Your only safe way of conversing with them is by a firm resolution to proceed in your practice and behaviour directly contrary to whatever they shall say or do; and this I take to be a good general rule with very few exceptions. For instance, in the doctrines they usually deliver to young married women for managing their husbands; their several accounts of their conduct in that particular, to recommend it to your imitation; the reflections they make upon others of their sex for acting differently; their directions to come off with victory, upon any dispute or quarrel you may have with your husband; the arts by which you may discover and practise upon his weak side; when to work by flattery and insinuation, when to melt him with tears, and when to engage with a high hand. In these, and a thousand

thousand other cases, it will be prudent to retain as many of their lectures in your memory as you can, and then determine to act in full opposition to them all.

I hope your husband will interpose his authority to limit you in the trade of visiting. Half a dozen fools are in all conscience as many as you should require, and it will be sufficient for you to see them twice a year; for I think the fashion does not exact that visits should be paid to friends.

I advise that your company at home should consist of men rather than women. To say the truth, I never knew a tolerable woman to be fond of her own sex. I confess, when both are mixed and well chosen, and put their qualities forward, there may be an intercourse of civility and good-will, which, with the addition of some degree of sense, can make conversation or amusement agreeable; but a knot of ladies got together by themselves, is a very school of impertinence and detraction; and it is well if those be the worst.

Let your men acquaintance be of your husband's choice, and not recommended to you by any she companions, because they will surely fix a coxcomb upon you; and it will cost you some time and pains before can arrive at the knowledge of distinguishing such a one from a man of sense.

Never take a favorite waiting-maid into your cabinet-council, to entertain you with histories of those ladies whom she has formerly served, of their diversions and their dressings; to insinuate how great a fortune you brought, and how little you are allowed to squander; to appeal to her from your husband, and to be determined by her judgment, because you are sure it will always be for you; to receive and discard servants by her approbation and dislike; to engage you, by her insinuations into misunderstandings with your best friends; to re-

present

present all things in false colours, and to be the common emissary of scandal.

But the great affair of your life will be to gain and preserve the friendship and esteem of your husband. You are married to a man of good education and learning, of an excellent understanding, and an exact taste, it is true; and it is happy for you that these qualities in him are adorned with great modesty, a most amiable sweetness of temper, and an unusual disposition to sobriety and virtue! but neither good-nature nor virtue will suffer him to esteem you against his judgment. And although he is not capable of using you ill; yet you will, in time, grow a thing indifferent, and perhaps contemptible, unless you can supply the loss of youth and beauty with more durable qualities. You have but a very few years to be young and handsome in the eyes of the world, and as few months to be so in the eyes of a husband who is not a fool; for I hope you do not still dream of charms and raptures, which marriage ever did and ever will put an end to. Besides yours was a match of prudence and common good-liking, without any mixture of that ridiculous passion, which has no being but in play-books and romances.

You must use, therefore, all endeavours to attain to some degree of those accomplishments which your husband most values in other people, and for which he is most valued himself; you must improve your mind by pursuing such a method of study as I shall direct or approve of; you must get a collection of history and travels, which I will recommend to you, and spend some hours every day in reading of them, and making extracts from them. If your memory be weak, you must invite persons of knowledge and understanding to an acquaintance with you, by whose conversation you may learn to correct your taste and judgment; and

when you can bring yourself to comprehend and relish the good sense of others, you will arrive in time to think rightly yourself, and become a reasonable and agreeable companion. This must produce in your husband a true rational love and esteem for you, which old age will not diminish. He will have regard for your judgment and opinion in matters of the greatest weight; you will be able to entertain each other, without a third person to relieve you by finding discourse. The endowments of your mind will even make your person more agreeable to him; and when you are alone, your time will not lie heavy upon your hands, for want of some trifling amusement.

As little respect as I have for the generality of your sex, it hath sometimes moved me with pity to see the lady of the house forced to withdraw immediately after dinner, and this in families where there is not much drinking; as if it were an established maxim, *that women are incapable of conversation.* In a room where both sexes meet, if the men are discoursing upon any general subject, the ladies never think it their business to partake in what passes; but, in a separate club, entertain each other with the price and choice of lace and silk, and what dresses they liked or disapproved at the church or play-house: and when you are among yourselves, how naturally, after the first compliments, do you apply your hands to each others lappets, and ruffles, and mantuas, as if the whole business of your lives, and the public concern of the world, depended upon the cut and colour of your dresses: as divines say, that some people take more pains to be damn'd, than it would cost them to be saved; so your sex employ more thought, memory, and application to be fools, than would serve to make them wise and useful. When I reflect on this, I cannot conceive you to be human

creatures; but a sort of species, hardly a degree above a monkey, who has more diverting tricks, than any of you, is an animal less mischievous and expensive, might in time be a tolerable critic in velvet and brocade, and for aught I know, would equally become them.

I would have you look upon finery as a necessary folly, as all great ladies did whom I have ever known. I do not desire you to be out of the fashion, but to be the last and least in it. I expect that your dress should be one degree below what your fortune can afford; and in your own heart I would wish you to be an utter contemner of all distinctions which a fine petticoat can give you, because it will neither make you richer, handsomer, younger, better-natured, more virtuous or wise than if it hung upon a peg.

If you are in company with men of learning, though they happen to discourse of arts and sciences, out of your compass, you will get more advantage by listening to them, than from all the nonsense and frippery of your own sex; but if they be men of breeding as well as learning, they will seldom engage in any conversation where you ought not to be a hearer, and in time have your parts. If they talk of the manners and customs of the several kingdoms of Europe, of travels into remoter nations, of the state of their own countries, or of the great men and actions of Greece and Rome; if they give their judgment upon English and French writers, either in verse or prose, or of the nature and limits of virtue and vice, it is a shame for an English lady not to relish such discourses, not to improve by them, and endeavour, by reading and information, to have her share in those entertainments: rather than turn aside, as it is the usual custom, and consult with the woman who sits next her about a new cargo of fans.

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It is a little hard that not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand should be brought to read or understand her own natural tongue, or be judge of the easiest books that are written in it, as any one may find, when they are disposed to mangle a play or a novel, where the least word out of the common road is sure to disconcert them. It is no wonder, when they are not so much as taught to spell in their childhood, nor can ever attain to it in their whole lives. I advise you, therefore, to read aloud more or less every day to your husband, if he will permit you, or to any other friend (but not a female one) who is able to set you right; and as for spelling, you may compass it in time, by making collections from the books you read.

I know very well that those who are commonly called learned women, have lost all manner of credit, by their impertinent talkativeness and conceit of themselves; but there is an easy remedy for this, if you once consider that after the pains you may be at, you never can arrive in point of learning, to the perfection of a *school boy*. The reading I would advise you to, is only for the improvement of your own good sense, which will never fail of being mended by discretion. It is a wrong method and ill choice of books, that makes those learned ladies just so much worse for what they have read, and therefore it shall be my care to direct you better, a task for which I take myself to be not ill qualified, because I have spent more time, and have had more opportunities than many others, to observe and discover from what sources the various follies of women are derived.

Pray observe how insignificant things are the common race of ladies, when they have passed their youth and beauty, how contemptible they appear to the men, and yet more contemptible to the younger part of their own sex, and have no

relief but in passing their afternoons in visits where they are never acceptable, and their evenings at cards among each other, while the former part of the day is spent in spleen and envy, or in vain endeavours to repair by art and dress the ruins of time; whereas I have known ladies at sixty, to whom all the polite part of the court and town paid their addresses, without any farther view, than that of enjoying the pleasure of their conversation.

I am ignorant of any one quality that is amiable in a man, which is not equally so in a woman; I do not except even modesty and gentleness of nature, nor do I know one vice or folly which is not equally detestable in both; there is indeed one infirmity which seems to be generally allowed you, I mean that of *cowardice;* yet there should seem to be something very capricious, that when women profess their admiration for a colonel or a captain, on account of his valour, they should fancy it a very graceful becoming quality in themselves to be afraid of their own shadows; to scream in a barge when the weather is calmest, or in a coach at the ring; to run from a cow at a hundred yards distance; to fall into fits at the sight of a *spider*, an *earwig*, or a *frog;* at least if cowardice be a sign of cruelty (as it is generally granted) I can hardly think it an accomplishment so desirable as to be thought worth improving by affectation.

And as the same virtue equally becomes both sexes, so there is no quality whereby women endeavour to distinguish themselves from men, for which they are not just so much the worse, except that only of reservedness, which, however, as you generally manage it, is nothing else but affectation or hypocrisy; for as you cannot too much discountenance those of our sex who presume to take unbecoming liberty before you, so you ought to be wholly

wholly unconstrained in the company of deserving men, when you have had sufficient experience of their discretion.

There is never wanting in this town a tribe of bold, swaggering, rattling ladies, whose talents pass among coxcombs for wit and humour; their excellency lies in rude choaking expressions, and what they call *running a man down.* If a gentleman in their company, happens to have a blemish in his birth or person; if any misfortune hath befallen his family or himself, for which he is ashamed, they will be sure to give him broad hints of it without any provocation. I would recommend you to the acquaintance of a common prostitute, rather than to that of such *termagants* as these. I have often thought that no man is obliged to suppose such creatures to be women, but to treat them like insolent rascals, disguised in female habits, who ought to be stript and kicked down stairs.

I will add one thing, although it be a little out of place, which is to desire that you will learn to value and esteem your husband for those good qualities he really possesseth, and not to fancy others in him which he certainly hath not; for although this latter is generally understood to be a mark of love, yet it is indeed nothing but affectation or ill judgment. It is true he wants so very few accomplishments, that you are in no great danger of erring on this side, but my caution is occasioned by a lady of your acquaintance, married to a very valuable person, whom yet she is so unfortunate as to be always commending for those perfections to which he can least pretend.

I can give you no advice upon the article of *expence,* only I think you ought to be well informed how much your husband's revenue amounts to, and be so good a computer as to keep within it, in that part of the management which falls to your

share; and not to put yourself in the number of those politic ladies, who think they gain a great point when they have teazed their husbands to buy them a new equipage, a laced head, or a fine petticoat; without once considering what long scores remain unpaid to the butcher.

I desire you will keep this letter in your cabinet, and often examine impartially your whole conduct by it, and so God bless you, and make you a fair example to your *sex*, and a perpetual comfort to your *husband* and your *parents*. I am, with great truth and affection,

Madam,
Your most faithful Friend,
And humble Servant, &c.

Mrs. Thrale to a Gentleman on his Marriage.

My Dear Sir,

I RECEIVED the news of your marriage with infinite delight, and hope that the sincerity with which I wish your happiness, may excuse the liberty I take, in giving you a few rules, whereby more certainly to obtain it. I see you smile at my wrong-headed kindness, and reflecting on the charms of your bride, cry out in a rapture, that you are happy enough without my rules. I know you are; but after one of the forty years, which I hope you will pass pleasingly together, are over, this letter may come in turn, and rules for felicity may not be found unnecessary, however some of them may appear impracticable.

Could that kind of love be kept alive through the married state, which makes the charm of a single one, the sovereign good would no longer be sought

sought for; in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found; but reason shews us, that this is impossible, and experience informs us, that it never was so; we must preserve it as long, and supply it as happily, as we can.

When your present violence of passion subsides, however, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not hasty to censure yourself as indifferent, or to lament yourself as unhappy; you have lost that only which it was impossible to retain, and it were graceless, amid the pleasures of a prosperous summer, to regret the blossoms of a transient spring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's insipidity, till you have recollected, that no object, however sublime, no sounds, however charming, can continue to transport us with delight, when they no longer strike us with novelty. The skill to renovate the powers of pleasing is said indeed to be possessed by some women in an eminent degree, but the artifices of maturity are seldom seen to adorn the innocence of youth; you have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

Satiety follows quick upon the heels of possession; and to be happy, we must always have something in view. The person of your lady is already all your own, and will not grow more pleasing in your eyes I doubt, though the rest of your sex will think her handsomer for these dozen years. Turn therefore all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by polishing. Study some easy science together, and acquire a similarity of tastes, while you enjoy a community of pleasures. You will, by this means, have many images in common, and be freed from the necessity of separating, to find amusement; nothing is so dangerous to wedded love, as the possibility of either being happy out of the company of the other; endeavour therefore to cement the present intimacy on every side;

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let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expences, your friendships, or aversions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; consider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to find out in your character, and remember, that from the moment one of the partners turns spy upon the other, they have commenced a state of hostility.

Seek not for happiness in singularity; and dread a refinement of wisdom as a deviation into folly. Listen not to those sages who advise you always to scorn the counsel of a woman, and if you comply with her requests, pronounce you to be wife-ridden. Think not any privation, except of positive evil, an excellence, and do not congratulate yourself, that your wife is not a learned lady, that she never touches a card, or is wholly ignorant how to make a pudding. Cards, cookery, and learning, are all good in their places, and may all be used with advantage.

With regard to expence, I can only observe, that the money laid out in the purchase of distinction is seldom or ever profitably employed. We live in an age, when splendid furniture and glittering equipage are grown too common to catch the notice of the meanest spectator, and for the greater ones, they only regard our wasteful folly with silent contempt, or open indignation. This may perhaps be a displeasing reflection, but the following consideration ought to make amends. The age we live in pays, I think, peculiar attention to the higher distinctions of wit, knowledge, and virtue, to which we may more safely, more cheaply, and more honorably aspire. The giddy flirt of quality frets at the respect she sees paid to Lady Edgecumbe, and the gay dunce sits pining for a partner, while Jones, the orientalist, leads up the ball.

I said, that the person of your lady would not grow more pleasing to you, but pray let her never suspect that it grows less so; that a woman will pardon an affront to her understanding much sooner than one to her person, is well known; nor will any of us contradict the assertion. All our attainments, all our arts are employed to gain and keep the heart of man; and what mortification can exceed the disappointment, if the end be not obtained! There is no reproof, however pointed, no punishment, however severe, that a woman of spirit will not prefer to neglect; and if she can endure it without complaint, it only proves, that she means to make herself amends by the attention of others, for the slights of her husband For this, and for every reason, it behoves a married man not to let his politeness fail, though his ardor may abate, but to retain, at least, that general civility towards his own lady, which he is so willing to pay to every other, and not shew a wife of eighteen or twenty years old, that every man in company can treat her with more complaisance, than he, who so often vowed to her eternal fondness.

It is not my opinion, that a young woman should be indulged in every wild wish of her gay heart or giddy head, but contradiction may be softened by domestic kindness, and quiet pleasures substituted in the place of noisy ones. Public amusements are not indeed so expensive as is sometimes imagined, but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well-chosen society of friends and acquaintance, more eminent for virtue and good sense, then for gaiety and splendour, where the conversation of the day may afford comment for the evening, seems the most rational pleasure this great town can afford; and to this, a game at cards now and then gives an additional relish.

That

That your own superiority should always be seen, but never felt, seems an excellent general rule. A wife should outshine her husband in nothing, not even in her dress. If she happens to have a taste for the trifling distinctions that finery can confer, suffer her not for a moment to fancy, when she appears in public, that Sir Edward or the Colonel are finer gentlemen than her husband. The bane of married happiness among the city men in general has been, that finding themselves unfit for polite life, they transferred their vanity to their ladies, dressed them up gaily, and sent them out gallanting, while the good man was to regale with port-wine or rum-punch, perhaps among mean companions, after the compting-house was shut; this practice produced the ridicule thrown on them in all our comedies and novels since commerce began to prosper. But now that I am so near the subject, a word or two on jealousy may not be amiss; for though not a failing of the present age's growth, yet the seeds of it are too certainly sown in every warm bosom for us to neglect it as a fault of no consequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, watch your wife narrowly, but never teaze her: tell her your jealousy, but conceal your suspicion; let her, in short, be satisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troublesome attachment, that makes you follow her; but let her not dream that you ever doubted seriously of her virtue, even for a moment. If she is disposed towards jealousy of you, let me beseech you to be always explicit with her, and never mysterious: be above delighting in her pain, of all things,—nor do your business, nor pay your visits, with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed perhaps in the parish vestry. But I will hope better than this of your tenderness and of your virtue, and will release you from a lecture

lecture you have so very little need of, unless your extreme youth, and uncommon regard, will excuse it. And now, farewel; make my kindest compliments to your wife, and be happy in proportion as happiness is wished you, by

Dear Sir, &c.

Letter from Dr. Johnson to a Lady refusing a Request, with some Severity.

MADAM,

I HOPE you will believe that my delay in answering your letter could proceed only from my unwillingness to destroy any hope that you had formed. Hope is itself a species of happiness, and, perhaps, the chief happiness which this world affords: but, like all other pleasures immoderately enjoyed, the excesses of hope must be expiated by pain; and expectations improperly indulged, must end in disappointment.—If it be asked, what is the improper expectation which it is dangerous to indulge, experience will quickly answer, that it is such expectation as is dictated, not by reason, but by desire, expectation raised, not by the common occurrences of life, but by the wants of the expectant; an expectation that requires the common course of things to be changed, and the general rules of action to be broken.

When you made your request to me you should have considered, Madam, what you were asking. You ask me to solicit a great man to whom I never spoke, for a young person whom I had never seen, upon a supposition which I had no means of knowing to be true. There is no reason why, amongst all the great, I should chuse to supplicate the Archbishop,

bishop, nor why among all the possible objects of his bounty, the Archbishop should chuse your son. I know, Madam, how unwillingly conviction is admitted, when interest opposes it; but surely, Madam, you must allow, that there is no reason why that should be done by me, which every other man may do with equal reason, and which, indeed, no man can do properly, without some very particular relation, both to the Archbishop and to you. If I could help you in this exigence by any proper means, it would give me pleasure; but this proposal is so very remote from all usual methods, that I cannot comply with it but at the risque of such answer and suspicions, as, I believe, you do not wish me to undergo.

I have seen your son this morning: he seems a pretty youth, and will, perhaps, find some better friend than I can procure him; but though he should at last miss the university, he may still be wise, useful, and happy.

I am, Madam,

Your most humble Servant.

Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Boswell, thanking her for a Present.

MADAM,

THOUGH I am well enough pleased with the taste of sweetmeats, very little of the pleasure which I received at the arrival of your jar of marmalade arose from eating it. I received it as a token of friendship, as a proof of reconciliation, things much sweeter than sweetmeats; and upon this consideration, I return you, dear madam, my sincerest thanks. By having your kindness, I think I have

I have a double security for the continuance of Mr. Boswell's, which it is not to be expected that any man can long keep, when the influence of a lady so highly and so justly valued operates against him. Mr. Boswell will tell you, that I was always faithful to your interest, and always endeavoured to exalt you in his estimation. You must now do the same for me. We must all help one another, and you must now consider me as,

Dear Madam,

Your most obliged

And most humble Servant.

Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Piozzi, on Sickness.

DEAR MADAM,

I AM sitting down in no cheerful solitude to write a narrative, which would once have affected you with tenderness and sorrow, but which you will perhaps pass over now with the careless glance of frigid indifference. For this diminution of regard, however, I know not whether I ought to blame you, who may have reasons which I cannot know, and I do not blame myself, who have, for a great part of human life, done you what good I could, and have never done you evil.

I had been disordered in the usual way, and had been relieved by the usual methods, by opium and cathartics, but had rather lessened my dose of opium.

On Monday the 16th, I sat for my picture, and walked a considerable way with little inconvenience. In the afternoon and evening I felt myself light and easy, and began to plan schemes of life. Thus I went to bed, and in a short time waked and

sat up, as has been long my custom; when I felt a confusion and indistinctness in my head, which lasted, I suppose, about half a minute; I was alarmed, and prayed God, that however he might afflict my body, he would spare my understanding. This prayer, that I might try the integrity of my faculties, I made in Latin verse. The lines were not very good: I made them easily, and concluded myself to be unimpaired in my faculties.

Soon after, I perceived, that I had suffered a paralytic stroke, and that my speech was taken from me. I had no pain, and so little dejection in this dreadful state, that I wondered at my own apathy, and considered, that perhaps death itself, when it should come, would excite less horror than seems now to attend it.

In order to rouse the vocal organs, I took two drams. Wine has been celebrated for the production of eloquence. I put myself into violent motion, and I think repeated it; but all was in vain. I then went to bed, and, strange as it may seem, I think, slept. When I saw light, it was time to contrive what I should do. Though God stopped my speech, he left me my hand; I enjoyed a mercy, which was not granted to my dear friend Lawrence, who now perhaps overlooks me as I am writing, and rejoices that I have what he wanted. My first note was necessarily to my servant, who came in talking, and could not immediately comprehend why he should read what I put into his hands.

I then wrote a card to Mr. Allen, that I might have a discreet friend at hand, to act as occasion should require. In penning this note I had some difficulty; my hand, I know not how nor why, made wrong letters. I then wrote to Dr. Taylor to come to me, and bring Dr. Heberden, and I sent to Dr Brocklesby, who is my neighbour. My physicians

physicians are very friendly and very disinterested, and give me great hopes, but you may imagine my situation. I have so far recovered my vocal powers, as to repeat the Lord's prayer with no very imperfect articulation. My memory, I hope, yet remains as it was; but such an attack produces solicitude for the safety of every faculty.

How this will be received by you, I know not. I hope you will sympathise with me; but perhaps

> My mistress, gracious, mild, and good,
> Cries, Is he dumb? 'Tis time he should.

But can this be possible? I hope it cannot. I hope that what, when I could speak, I spoke of you, and to you, will be in a sober and serious hour remembered by you; and surely it cannot be remembered, but with some degree of kindness. I have loved you with virtuous affection; I have honoured you with sincere esteem. Let not all our endearments be forgotten, but let me have, in this great distress, your pity and your prayers. You see I yet turn to you with my complaints as a settled and unalienable friend; do not, do not drive me from you, for I have not deserved either neglect or hatred.

To the girls, who do not write often, for Susy has written only once, and Miss Thrale owes me a letter, I earnestly recommend, as their guardian and friend, that they remember their Creator in the days of their youth.

I suppose you may wish to know how my disease is treated by the physicians. They put a blister upon my back, and two from my ear to my throat, one on a side. The blister on the back has done little, and those on the throat have not risen. I bullied and bounced (it sticks to our last sand) and compelled the apothecary to make his salve according to the Edinburgh Dispensatory, that it might adhere better. I have two on now of my

own prescription. They likewise give me salt of hartshorn, which I take with no great confidence, but am satisfied that what can be done is done for me.

O God! give me comfort and confidence in Thee; forgive my sins; and if it be thy good pleasure, relieve my diseases for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

I am almost ashamed of this querulous letter, but now it is written let it go.

I am, &c.

Dr. Tillotson to a Friend.

SIR,

I AM sorry to understand by Mr. T——'s letter to my son, that your distemper grows upon you, and that you seem to decline so fast. I am very sensible how much easier it is to give advice against trouble, in the case of another, than to take it in our own. It hath pleased God to exercise me of late with a very sore trial, in the loss of my dear and only child; in which I do perfectly submit to his good pleasure, firmly believing that he always does what is best; and yet, though reason be satisfied, our passion is not so soon appeased; and when nature has received a wound, time must be allowed for the healing of it. Since that, God has thought fit to give me a nearer summons, and a closer warning of my mortality, in the danger of an apoplexy; which yet, I thank God for it, has occasioned no very melancholy reflections; but this, perhaps, is more owing to natural temper than philosophy and wise consideration. Your case, I know, is very different, who are of a temper naturally melancholy, and under a distemper apt

apt to increase it, for both which great allowances are to be made.

And yet, methinks, both reason and religion do offer to us, considerations of that solidity and strength, as may very well support our spirits, under all the frailties and infirmities of the flesh; such as these, that God is perfect love and goodness; that we are not only his creatures, but his children, and as dear to him as to ourselves: that he does not afflict willingly, or grieve, the children of men; and that all evils and afflictions which befal us, are intended for the cure and prevention of greater evils of sin, and punishment; and therefore we ought not only to submit to them with patience, as being deserved by us, but to receive them with thankfulness, as being designed by him to do us that good, and to bring us to that sense of him and ourselves, which perhaps nothing else would have done; that the sufferings of this present life are but short and slight, compared with that extreme and endless misery, which we have deserved; and with that exceeding and eternal weight of glory, which we hope for in the other world; that if we be careful to make the best preparation we can for death and eternity, whatever brings us nearer to our end, brings us nearer to our happiness; and how rugged soever the way be, the comfort is, that it leads to our Father's house, where we shall want nothing that we can wish. When we labour under a dangerous distemper that threatens our life, what would we not be content to bear, in order to a perfect recovery, could we be assured of it? And should we not be willing to endure much more, in order to happiness, and that eternal life which God, that cannot lie, hath promised? Nature, I know, is fond of life, and apt to be still lingering after a longer continuance here; and yet

a long life, with the usual burthens and infirmities of it, is seldom desirable; it is but the same thing over again, or worse, so many more days or nights, summers and winters; a repetition of the same pleasures, but with less pleasure and relish every day; a return of the same, or greater, pains and trouble, but with less patience and strength to bear them.

These, and the like considerations, I use to entertain myself withal, and not only with contentment, but comfort, though with great inequality of temper, at several times, and with much mixture of human frailty, which will always stick to us while we are in this world. However, by these kind of thoughts, death becomes more familiar to us, and we shall be able by degrees to bring our minds close up to it, without startling at it. The greatest tenderness I find in myself is with regard to some near relations, especially the dear and constant companion of my life, which, I must confess, doth very sensibly touch me; but when I consider, and so I hope will they also, that this separation will be for a little while, and that though I shall leave them in a bad world, yet under the care and protection of a good God, who can be more and better to them than all other relations, and will certainly be so to them that love him, and hope in his mercy.

I shall not need to advise you what to do, and what use to make of this time of your visitation; I have reason to believe, that you have been careful in the time of your health, to prepare for this evil day, and have been conversant in those books which give the best directions to this purpose, and have not, as so many do, put off the great work of your life to the end of it; and then you have nothing now to do, but, as well as you can, under your present weakness and pains, to renew your repentance, for

all the errors and miscarriages of your life, and earnestly to beg God's pardon and forgiveness of them, for his sake who is the propitiation of our sins; to comfort yourself in the goodness and promises of God, and, the hopes of that happiness you are ready to enter into; and, in the mean time, to exercise faith and patience for a little while, and be of good courage, since you see land; the storm you are in will be quickly over, and then it will be as if it never had been, or rather the remembrance of it will be a pleasure.

I do not use to write such long letters; but I do heartily compassionate your case, and should be glad if I could suggest any thing that might help to mitigate your trouble, and make that sharp and rough way, through which you are to pass into a better world, a little more smooth and easy. I pray to God to fit us both for that great change, which we must once undergo; and, if we be but in any good measure fit for it, sooner or later makes no great difference. I commend you to the Father of Mercies, and God of Consolation, beseeching him to increase your faith and patience, and to stand by you in your last and great conflict; and that, when you walk through the valley of the shadow of death, you may fear no evil; and when your heart fails, and your strength fails, you may find him the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever. Farewel, my good friend; and while we are here, let us pray for one another, that we may have a joyful meeting in another world.

I rest, Sir,

Your truly affectionate Friend and Servant.

Dr.

Wednesday to the other executors. Be pleased to let me know whether you would have me come to Streatham to receive you, or stay here till the next day.

I am, &c.

Lord Chesterfield to Dr. Chenevix, on the Death of his Wife.

MY DEAR LORD,

I KNOW the gentleness, the humanity, and the tenderness of your nature too well to doubt of your grief, and I know the object of it too well to blame it; no, in such cases it is a commendable not a blameable passion, and is always inseparable from a heart that is capable of friendship or love. I therefore offer you no trite and always unavailing arguments of consolation; but as any strong and prevailing passion is apt to make us neglect or forget, for the time, our most important duties, I must remind you of two in particular, the neglect of which would render your grief, instead of pious, criminal; I mean your duty to your children as a father, and to your diocese as a bishop. Your care of your children must be doubled, in order to repair, as fast as possible, their loss; and the public trust of your flock must not suffer from a personal and private concern. These incumbent and necessary duties will sometimes suspend, and at last mitigate, that grief, which I confess mere reason would not: they are equally moral and christian duties, which I am sure no consideration upon earth will ever make you neglect. May your assiduous discharge of them insensibly lessen that affliction, which, if indulged, would prove as fatal

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to you and your family, as it must be vain and unavailing to her, whose loss you justly lament.

I am, with the greatest truth and affection,

My dear Lord,

Your most faithful Friend and Servant.

Dr. Johnson to Dr. Lawrence, on the Death of his Wife.

DEAR SIR,

AT a time when all your friends ought to shew their kindness, and with a character, which ought to make all that know you your friends, you may wonder that you have yet heard nothing from me.

I have been hindered by a vexatious and incessant cough, for which, within these ten days, I have been bled once, fasted four or five times, taken physic five times, and opiates, I think, six. This day it seems to remit.

The loss, dear Sir, which you have lately suffered, I felt many years ago, and know, therefore, how much has been taken from you, and how little help can be had from consolation. He that outlives a wife whom he has long loved, sees himself disjoined from the only mind that has the same hopes, and fears, and interest; from the only companion with whom he has shared much good or evil; and with whom he could set his mind at liberty, to retrace the past or anticipate the future. The continuity of being is lacerated, the settled course of sentiment and action is stopped; and life stands suspended and motionless, till it is driven by external causes into a new channel. But the time of suspence is dreadful.

Our

Our first recourse in this distressed solitude is, perhaps, for want of habitual piety, to a gloomy acquiescence in necessity. Of two mortal beings one must lose the other; but surely there is a higher and better comfort to be drawn from the consideration of that Providence which watches over all, and a belief that the living and the dead are equally in the hands of God, who will re-unite those whom he has separated, or who sees that is is best not to re-unite.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate,

And most humble Servant.

Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Strahan, on the Death of her Son.

DEAR MADAM,

THE grief which I feel for the loss of a very kind friend, is sufficient to make me know how much you suffer by the death of an amiable son; a man, of whom I think it may be truly said, that no one knew him who does not lament him. I look upon myself as having a friend, another friend taken from me.

Comfort, dear Madam, I would give you if I could, but I know how little the forms of consolation can avail. Let me, however, counsel you not to waste your health in unprofitable sorrow, but go to Bath, and endeavour to prolong your own life; but when we have done all that we can, one friend must in time lose the other.

I am, dear Madam,

Your most humble Servant.

Dr.

Dr. Johnson to Mr. Elphinstone, on the Death of his Mother.

DEAR SIR,

YOU have, as I find by every kind of evidence, lost an excellent mother; and I hope you will not think me incapable of partaking of your grief. I have a mother now eighty-two years of age, whom, therefore, I must soon lose, unless it please God that she rather should mourn for me. I read the letters in which you relate your mother's death to Mrs. Strahan, and think I do myself honour when I tell you I read them with tears; but tears are neither to you nor to me of any further use, when once the tribute of nature has been paid. The business of life summons us away from useless grief, and calls us to the exercise of those virtues of which we are lamenting our deprivation. The greatest benefit which one friend can confer upon another, is to guard, and excite and elevate his virtues. This your mother will still perform, if you diligently preserve the memory of her life, and of her death: a life, so far as I can learn, useful, wise, and innocent, and a death resigned, peaceful, and holy. I cannot forbear to mention, that neither reason nor revelation denies you to hope, that you may increase her happiness by obeying her precepts; and that she may, in her present state, look with pleasure upon every act of virtue to which her instructions or example may have contributed. Whether this be more than a pleasing dream, or a just opinion of separate spirits, is, indeed, of no great importance to us, when we consider ourselves as acting under the eye of God. Yet, surely, there is something pleasing in the belief, that our separation from those whom we love is merely corporeal; and it may be a great incitement

to virtuous friendship, if it can be made profitable, that that union which has received the divine approbation shall continue to eternity.

There is one expedient by which you may, in some degree, continue her presence—If you write down minutely what you remember of her from your earliest years, you will read it with great pleasure, and receive from it many hints of soothing recollection, when time shall remove her yet farther from you, and your grief shall be matured to veneration. To this, however painful for the present, I cannot but advise you, as to a source of comfort and satisfaction in the time to come, for all comfort and satisfaction is sincerely wished you, by,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged, most obedient,
and most humble Servant.

Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby, on the Death of his Brother.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE a great inclination to write to you, though I cannot by writing, any more than I could by words, express what part I bear in your sufferings. Nature and esteem in you are joined to aggravate your affliction: the latter I have in a degree equal even to yours, and a tie of friendship approaches near to the tenderness of nature: yet, God knows, no man living is less fit to comfort you, as no man is more deeply sensible than myself of the greatness of the loss. That very virtue which secures his present state from all the sorrows incident to ours, does but aggrandise our sensation of its being removed from our sight, from our affection,

affection, and from our imitation; for the friendship and society of good men does not only make us happier, but it makes us better. Their death does but complete their felicity before our own, who probably are not yet arrived to that degree of perfection which merits an immediate reward. That your dear brother and my dear friend was so, I take his very removal to be a proof; Providence would certainly lend virtuous men to a world that so much wants them, as long as in its justice to them it could spare them to us. May my soul be with those who have meant well, and have acted well to that meaning! and, I doubt not, if this prayer be granted, I shall be with him. Let us preserve his memory in the way he would best like, by recollecting what his behaviour would have been in every incident of our lives to come, and doing in each, just as we think he would have done; so we shall have him always before our eyes, and in our minds, and (what is more) in our lives and manners. I hope when we shall meet him next, we shall be more of a piece with him, and consequently not to be evermore separated from him. I will add but one word that relates to what remains of yourself and me, since so valued a part of us is gone; it is to beg of you to accept, as yours by inheritance, of the vacancy he has left in a heart, which (while he could fill it with such hopes, wishes, and affections for him as suited a mortal creature) was truly and warmly his; and shall (I assure you in the sincerity of sorrow for my own loss) be faithfully at your service while I continue to love his memory, that is, while I continue to be myself.

I am, &c.

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Miss Williams to a Friend, describing her Arrestation and Confinement, in consequence of a Decree of the National Convention of France.

Switzerland, Sept. 1794.

My Dear Sir,

AFTER so long a suspension of our correspondence, after a silence like that of death, and a separation which for some time past seemed as final as if we had been divided by the limits of "that country from whose bourn no traveller returns," with what grateful pleasure did I recognize your hand-writing, with what eagerness did I break the seal of your welcome letter, and with what soothing emotions receive the tidings of your welfare, and the assurance of your affection! Your letter was a talisman that served to conjure up a thousand images of sorrow and of joys that are past, and which were obliterated by the turbulent sensations of dismay and horror.

Perhaps, it will not be uninteresting to you to receive from me a sketch of the scenes which have passed in Paris since the 2d of June, an epocha to be for ever deplored by the friends of liberty, which seated a vulgar and sanguinary despot on the ruins of a throne, till the memorable 28th of July, 1794, when liberty, bleeding with a thousand wounds, revived once more. If the picture I send you of those extraordinary events be not well drawn, it is at least marked with the characters of truth, since I have been the witness of the scenes I describe, and have known personally all the principal actors. Those scenes, connected in my mind with all the detail of domestic sorrow, with the feelings of private sympathy, with the tears of mourning friendship, are impressed upon my memory

memory in characters that are indelible. They rise in sad succession like the shades of Banquo's line, and pass along my shuddering recollection.

After having so long suffered without daring to utter a complaint, it will relieve my oppressed spirits to give you an account of our late situation; and, in so doing, I shall feel the same sort of melancholy pleasure as the mariner who paints the horrors of the tempest when he has reached the harbour, and sheds a tender tear over his lost companions who have perished in the wreck——Ah! my dear friend, that overwhelming recollection fills my heart with anguish, which only they who have suffered can conceive. Those persons in whose society I most delighted, in whose cultivated minds and enlightened conversation I found the sole compensation for what I had lost in leaving my country and my friends—to see them torn from me for ever, to know the precise moment in which they were dragged to execution, to feel—but let me turn awhile from images of horror which I have considered but too deeply, and which have cast a sadness over my mind that can never, never be dispelled. Whenever they recur, a funeral veil seems to me to be spread over nature; and neither the consciousness of present, nor the assurance of future safety, neither the charms of society, nor all the graces, nor all the wonders of the scenes I am now contemplating can dissipate the gloom.

Not long after the reign of Robespierre began, all passports to leave the country were refused, and the arrestation of the English residing in France was decreed by the national convention; but the very next day the decree was repealed on the representations of some French merchants, who shewed its impolicy. We therefore concluded that we had no such measures to fear in future; and we heard, from what we believed to

be good authority, that if any decree passed with respect to the English, it would be that of their being ordered to leave the Republic. The political clouds in the mean time gathered thick around the hemisphere: we heard rumours of severity and terror, which seemed like those hollow noises that roll in the dark gulph of the volcano, and portend its dangerous eruptions: but no one could calculate how far the threatened mischief would extend, and how wide a waste of ruin would desolate the land. Already considerable numbers were imprisoned as suspected—*suspected!* that indefinite word, which was tortured into every meaning of injustice and oppression, and became what the French call the *mot de ralliement*, the initiative term of captivity and death.

One evening when Bernardin St. Pierre, the author of the charming little novel of Paul and Virginia, was drinking tea with me, and while I was listening to a description he gave me of a small house, which he had lately built in the centre of a beautiful island of the river that flows by Essonne, which he was employed in decorating, and where he meant to realise some of the lovely scenes which his fine imagination has pictured in the Mauritius, I was suddenly called away from this fairy land by the appearance of a friend, who rushed into the room, and with great agitation told us, that a decree had just passed in the national convention, ordering all the English in France to be put into arrestation in the space of four-and-twenty hours, and their property to be confiscated. We passed the night without sleep, and the following day in anxiety and perturbation not to be described, expecting every moment the commissaries of the revolutionary committee and their guards, to put in force the mandates of the convention. As the day advanced, our terror increased: in the evening we

received information that most of our English acquaintance were conducted to prison. At length night came; and no commissaries appearing, we began to flatter ourselves that, being a family of women, it was intended that we should be spared; for the time was only now arrived when neither sex nor age gave any claim to compassion. Overcome with fatigue and emotion, we went to bed with some faint hopes of exemption from the general calamity of our countrymen. These hopes were however but of short duration. At two in the morning we were awakened by a loud knocking at the gate of the hotel, which we well knew to be the fatal signal of our approaching captivity; and a few minutes after, the bell of our apartments was rung with violence. My sister and myself hurried on our clothes, and went with trembling steps to the anti-chamber, when we found two commissaries of the revolutionary committee of our section, accompanied by a guard, two of whom were placed at the outer door with their swords drawn, while the rest entered the room. One of these constituted authorities held a paper in his hand, which was a copy of the decree of the convention, and which he offered to read to us, but we declined hearing it, and told him we were ready to obey the law. Seeing us pale and trembling, he and his colleague endeavoured to comfort us; they begged us to compose ourselves; they repeated that our arrestation was only part of a general political measure, and that innocence had nothing to fear.—Alas! innocence was no longer any plea for safety. They took a procès-verbal of our names, ages, the country where we were born, the length of time we had lived in France; and when this register was finished, we were told that we must prepare to depart. We were each of us allowed to take as much clean linen as we could

tie

tie up in a handkerchief, and which was all the property which we could now call our own; the rest, in consequence of the decree, being seized by the nation. Sometimes, under the pressure of a great calamity, the most acute sensations are excited by little circumstances which form a part of the whole, and serve in the retrospect of memory, like certain points in a landscape, to call up the surrounding scenery: such is the feeling with which I recal the moments when, having got out of our apartments, we stood upon the stair case surrounded with guards, while the commissaries placed the seals on our doors. The contrast between the prison where we were going to be led, and that home which was now closed against us, perhaps for years, filled my heart with a pang for which language has no utterance. Some of the guards were disposed to treat us with rudeness; which the commissaries sternly repressd, and, ordering them to keep at some distance, made us lean on their arms, for they saw we stood in need of support, in our way to the committee-room. We found this place crowded with commissaries and soldiers, some sleeping, some writing, and others amusing themselves with pleasantries of a revolutionary nature, to which we listened trembling. Every half hour a guard entered, conducting English prisoners, among whom were no women but ourselves. Here we passed the long night, and at eight in the morning our countrymen were taken to the prison of the Madelonettes, while we were still detained at the committee. We discovered afterwards that this was owing to the humanity of the commissaries who arrested us, and who sent to the municipality to know if we might not be taken to the Luxembourg, where we should find good accommodations, while at the Madelonettes scarcely a bed could be procured. All that

that compassion could dictate, all the lenity which it was in the power of these commissaries to display without incurring ten years imprisonment, the penalty annexed to leaving us at liberty, we experienced. Humanity from members of a revolutionary committee! You will perhaps exclaim in the language of the Jews, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" It is certain, however, strange as it may seem, that our two commissaries behaved towards us as if they remembered that we were defenceless women in a land of strangers; that we were accused of no crime except that of being born on the soil of England; and that if we were punished, we had only deserved it by trusting with too easy a belief in that national faith which was now violated. By the way, when I tell you that we experienced compassion from revolutionary committees, you will not suppose I mean to assert that compassionate men formed the majority of their committees. The greater part of mankind in all ages, even when accustomed to the most elevated rank, have abused power: how then could it be hoped that unlimited power would not be abused, which was confided to men who were, for the most part, ignorant and unenlightened: men who, till that period, confined to their shops and their manual occupations, were suddenly transported into splendid hotels, with authority to unlock cabinets blazing with jewels, to seize upon heaps of uncounted gold, and with a stroke of their pens to disperse as many warrants for imprisonment as caprice, envy, or mistaken zeal might prompt; who were made arbiters of the liberty, property, and even lives of their fellow-citizens; and who were incited, nay even compelled, to acts of violence under the penalty of being branded with the guilt of *moderatism*? When such was the new-established system, when it required the most daring

daring courage to be humane, and when to be cruel was to be safe, can you wonder, that among the revolutionary committees in general there was not "as much pity to be found as would fill the eye of a wren?" After passing the whole day, as we had done the night, in the committee-room, orders arrived from the municipality to send us to the former palace, now the prison of the Luxembourg, where we were attended by two guards within each coach, while two walked on each side. What strange sensations I felt as I passed through the streets of Paris, and ascended the steps of the Luxembourg, a sad spectacle to the crowd! We were conducted to the range of apartments above the former rooms of state, where we were received with the utmost civility by the keeper of the prison, Benoit, a name which many a wretch has blessed, for many a sorrow his compassion and gentleness have softened. His heart was indeed but ill suited to his office; and often he incurred the displeasure of those savages by whom he was employed, and who wished their victims to feel the full extent of their calamity, unmitigated by any detail of kindness, any attention to those little wants which this benevolent person was anxious to remove, or those few comforts which he had the power to bestow. The barbarians thought it not enough to load their victims with iron, unless "it entered into their souls." But Benoit was not to be intimidated into cruelty. Without deviating from his duty, he pursued his steady course of humanity; and may the grateful benedictions of the unhappy have ascended for him to heaven!

We had a good apartment allotted us, which a few weeks before had been inhabited by Valazé, one of the deputies of the convention, who was now transferred to the prison of the Conciergerie. Our apartment, with several adjoining, had soon after

after the event of the 31st of May been prepared for the imprisonment of the deputies of the *côté droit;* and for that purpose the windows which commanded a fine view of the Luxembourg-gardens had been blocked up to the upper panes, which were barred with iron. Mattrasses were provided for us in this gloomy chamber, the door of which was locked by one of our jailors; and we had suffered too much fatigue of body, as well as disturbance of mind, not to find a refuge from sorrow in some hours of profound sleep.

I am, &c.

Miss Williams to a Friend, in continuation.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE next morning the sun arose with unusual brightness; and with the aid of a table on which I mounted, I saw through our grated windows the beautiful gardens of the Luxembourg. Its tall majestic trees had not yet lost their foliage; and though they were fallen, like our fortunes, "into the sear, the yellow leaf," they still presented those rich gradations of colouring, which belong to autumn. The sun gilded the gothic spires of the surrounding convents, which lifted up their tall points above the venerable groves, while on the back ground of the scenery arose the hills of Meudon. It seemed to me as if the declining season had shed its last interesting graces over the landscape to sooth my afflicted spirit; and such was the effect it produced. It is scarcely possible to contemplate the beauties of nature without that enthusiastic pleasure which swells into devotion; and when such dispositions are excited in the mind,

resignation

resignation to sufferings, which, in the sacred words of scripture, "are but for a moment," becomes a less difficult duty.

The Luxembourg had lately been fitted up to receive the crowd of new inhabitants, with which it was going to be peopled, and every apartment obtained a particular appellation, which was inscribed on the outside of the door. We were lodged in the chamber of Cincinnatus: Brutus, I think, was our next door neighbour; and Socrates had pitched his tent at the distance of a few paces. The chamber of *Indivisibility* was allotted to some persons accused of *federalism*, and *Liberty* was written in broad characters over the door of a prisoner who was *au secret**. With respect to the great names, it has been observed in Paris, that almost all the illustrious characters of Greece and Rome have been led to the Guillotine—for instance, Brutus, who often while we were in prison, came from the municipality with orders from Anaxagoras, was soon after doomed to an equal fate,

"Alike in fortune, as alike in fame!"

together with Anarcharsis, Agricola, Aristides, Phocion, Sempronius Gracchus, Epaminondas, Cato the elder and the younger, and many other no less celebrated worthies, who fell in sad succession under the sword of Maximilian†.

Our prison was filled with a multitude of persons of different conditions, characters, opinions and countries, and seemed an epitome of the whole world. The mornings were devoted to business, and passed in little occupations, of which the prisoners sometimes complained, but for which perhaps they had reason to be thankful, since less

* In close confinement.

† The christian name of Robespierre.

leisure

leisure was left them to brood over their misfortunes. Every one had an appointed task: in each chamber the prisoners, by turns, lighted the fires, swept the rooms, arranged the beds; and those who could not afford to have dinner from a tavern, or, as the rich were yet permitted, from their own houses, prepared themselves their meals. Every chamber formed a society subject to certain regulations: a new president was chosen every day, or every week, who enforced its laws and maintained good order. In some chambers no person was allowed to sing after ten, in others, after eleven at night. This restriction would, perhaps, have been superfluous in England, in a similar situation; but it was highly necessary here, since it prevented such of the prisoners as were more light-hearted than the rest, from singing all night long, to the annoyance of others of their neighbours who might think the music which resounded through the prison during the day fully sufficient. The system of equality, whatever opposition it met with in the world, was in its full extent practised in the prison. United by the strong tie of common calamity, the prisoners considered themselves as bound to soften the general evil by mutual kind offices; and strangers meeting in such circumstances soon became friends. The poor lived not upon the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table, but shared the comforts of the repast; and here was found a community of the small stock of goods, which belonged to the whole without the necessity of a requisition. One broom which was the property of a countess, was used by twenty delicate hands to sweep their respective apartments; and a tea-kettle, with which a friend furnished my mother, was literally, as Dr. Johnson observed of his own, "never allowed time to cool," but was

employed from morning to night in furnishing the English with tea.

In the afternoon the prisoners met in an anti-chamber, which commanded a view of the gardens. Here they formed themselves into groups: some conversed, others walked up and down the room; others gazed from the windows on the walks below, where, perhaps, they recognized a relation or a friend, who, being denied the privilege of visiting the prison, had come to sooth them with a look or tear of sympathy. During the first days of our confinement, the prisoners were permitted to see their friends; and many a striking contrast of gaiety and sorrow did the anti-chamber then exhibit. In one part of the room, lively young people were amusing their visitors by a thousand little pleasantries on their own situation; in another, a husband who was a prisoner was taking leave of his wife who was come to see him, and shedding tears over his child who was clinging to his knees, or had thrown its arms around his neck, and refused to be torn from its father. As the number of prisoners increased, which they did so rapidly, that in less than a week they were augmented from an hundred to a thousand, the rules of the prison became more severe, and the administrators of the police gave strict orders, that no person whatever should be admitted. After this period, the wives of some of the prisoners came regularly every day, bringing their children with them, to the terrace of the gardens. You often saw the mother weeping, and the children stretching out their little hands and pointing to their fathers, who stood with their eyes fixed upon the objects of their affections; but sometimes a surly sentinel repressed these melancholy effusions of tenderness, by calling to the persons in the walk to keep off, and make no signs

to

to the prisoners.—In the mean time, among the crowd that filled the public room, were fine gentlemen and fine ladies, who had held the highest rank at court, some flirting together, others making appointments for card parties or music, in their own apartments in the evening, and others relating to us, in pathetic language, all that they had suffered, and all they had lost by the revolution. It was impossible not to sympathize in the distresses of some, or avoid wondering at the folly of others, in whom the strong sense of danger could not overcome the feelings of vanity; and who, although the tremendous decree had just gone forth, making "terror the order of the day," and knowing that the fatal pre-eminence of rank was the surest passport to the guillotine, could not resist using the proscribed nomenclature of "Madame la duchesse," "Monsieur le compte," &c. which seemed to issue from their lips like natural melodies to which the ear has long been accustomed, and which the voice involuntarily repeats. There were, however, among the captive nobility, many persons who had too much good sense not to observe a different conduct, who had proved themselves real friends to liberty, had made important sacrifices in its cause, and who had been led to prison by revolutionary committees on pretences the most trivial, and sometimes from mistakes the most ludicrous. Such was the fate of the former count and countess of ——— ———, who had distinguished themselves from the beginning of the revolution by the ardour of their patriotism, and the largeness of their civic donations. They had hitherto lived undisturbed in their splendid hotel, and there they might probably have continued to live a little longer had not the countess, in an evil hour, sent down to her chateau a fine marble hearth, which by some accident was broken on the way. The steward sent a

letter, in which, among other things, he mentioned that the "foyer* must be repaired at Paris." The letter was intercepted and read by the revolutionary committee. They swore, they raged at the dark designs of aristocracy. "Here," said they, "is a daring plot indeed! a *foyer* of counter revolution, and to be repaired at Paris! We must instantly seize the authors and the accomplices." In vain the countess related the story of the hearth, and asserted that no conspiracy lurked beneath the marble: both herself and her husband were conducted to the maison d'arrêt of their section, from which we saw them arrive at the Luxembourg with about sixty other persons at the hour of midnight, after having been led through the streets in procession by the light of an immense number of flambeaux, and guarded by a whole battalion. These prisoners had at least the consolation of finding themselves in the society of many of their friends and acquaintances, for all the polite part of the fauxbourg St. Germain might be said to be assembled at the Luxembourg in mass. Imprisonment here was, however, no longer the exclusive distinction of former nobility, but was extended to great numbers of the former third estate. We had priests, physicians, merchants, shop-keepers, actors and actresses, French valets and English waiting-women, all assembled together in the public room; but in the private apartments, Benoit's benevolent heart taught him the most delicate species of politeness, by placing those persons together who were most likely to find satisfaction in each others society.

Amidst many an eloquent tale of chateaux levelled with the ground, and palaces where, to borrow

* *Foyer* is the French name for hearth, and also for the central point of a system.

an

an image of desolation from Ossian, "the fox might be seen looking out at the window," we sometimes heard the complaints of simple sorrow, unallied to greatness; but like the notes of the starling, "so true in time to nature were they chanted," that they seized irresitibly on the heart. Of this kind was a scene which passed sometimes between a poor English woman and her dog, which she had brought to keep her company in her captivity. She had been house-keeper in a French family, and, some months before she was imprisoned, had sent her daughter, who was her only child, to her friends in England. The poor woman often exclaimed while her face was bathed in tears, "Oh, Charlotte, Charlotte, I shall never see you again!" Whenever the dog heard the name of Charlotte, he began to howl in so melancholy a note that it was impossible not to sympathise in his lamentation.

The most frightful circumstance which attended our arrestation were the visits of Henriot, the commandant of the military force at Paris. This wretch had been one of the executioners on the 2d of September, and was appointed by the commune of Paris, on the 31st of May, to take the command of the national guards, to point the cannon against the convention, to violate the representation of the people, and to act the prelude of that dark drama of which France has been the desolated scene, and Europe the affrighted spectator. Henriot performed his part so much to the satisfaction of his employers, that he was continued in his command; and it was a part of his office to visit the prisons, and take care that they were properly guarded. The first time I saw him was the day after our confinement. He entered on a sudden our apartment, brandishing his sword, and accompanied by twelve of his officers. There was something in his look, which did not give you simply the idea of the

ferocity which is sometimes to be found among civilized Europeans: his fierceness seemed to be of that kind, which belongs to a cannibal of New Zealand; and he looked not merely as if he longed to plunge his sabre in our bosoms, but to drink a libation of our blood. He poured forth a volley of oaths and imprecations, called out to know how many guillotines must be erected for the English, and did not leave our chamber till one person who was present had fainted with terror. In this manner he visited every apartment, spreading consternation and dismay; and these visits were repeated three or four times in a week. Whenever the trampling of his horse's feet was heard in the court-yard, the first prisoner who distinguished the well-known sound, gave the alarm, and in one moment the public room was cleared; every person flying with the precipitation of fear to his own apartment. Every noise was instantly hushed; a stillness like that of death pervaded the whole dwelling; and we remained crouching in our cells like the Greeks in the cave of Polyphemus, till the monster disappeared. The visits of the administrators of police, though not so terrific as those of Henriot, were nothing less soothing. Brutality, as well as terror, was the order of the day; and those public functionaries, whose business it was not only to see that the police of the prison was well regulated, but also to hear if the prisoners had any subject of complaint, used to make the enquiry in a tone of such ferocity, that, whatever oppressions might hang on the heart, the lips lost the power of giving them utterance. The visits of the police generally produced some additional rigour to our confinement; and in a short time all access to us whatever was forbidden except by letters, which were sent open, and delivered to us after being examined by the sentinels.

There was sometimes room for deep meditation on the strange caprice and vicissitudes of fortune. We found the ex-minister, Amelot, a prisoner in the Luxembourg; he, who, during his administration, had distributed lettres de cachet with so much liberality. Tyranny had now changed its instruments, and he was become himself the victim of despotism with new insignia: the *blue ribband* had given place to the *red cap*, and "de par le roi" was transformed into "par mesure de sureté générale." By his order La Tube, whose history is so well known, had been confined thirty years in the Bastille. He was now enjoying the sweets of liberty; and, before the prison-doors were shut against strangers, came frequently to visit some of his friends in the very room where the minister was imprisoned.

Amelot, in a comfortable apartment, and surrounded by society, did not bear his confinement with the same firmness as La Tube had borne the solitude of his dungeon, cheered only by the plaintive sounds of his flute of reeds. He was in a short time bereft of his reason; and, among the wanderings of his imagination, used to address letters to all the kings of Europe, and all the emigrant princes, inviting them to sumptuous repasts, to which he sometimes proposed admitting the national convention, to shew that he was above bearing malice.

Whenever any new prisoners arrived, the rest crowded round them, and hastened to calm their minds by the most soothing expressions of sympathy. No such emotions were excited by the appearance of Maillard, who was one of the murderers on the 2d of September, and who had lately been appointed to a command in the revolutionary army; from which, for some malversations, he was now dismissed, sent to prison, and ordered into close

close confinement. He had taken a very active part in the late transactions, and had, a few days before his own arrest, conducted to prison two fine boys, who were the sons of the ex-minister La Tour du Pin, together with their governor, who was a priest. They were stepping into a carriage, which was to convey them to school, when they were seized upon by Maillard, who taking the youngest, a child of eleven years of age, by the shoulder, said to him in a stern accent, "Il faut dire la verité, toute la verité, et rien que la verité*." No sooner was Maillard brought into the anti-chamber, while his room was preparing, than the little boy recognized his acquaintance, and running up to him cried, "Bon jour, citoyen Maillard—il faut dire la verité, toute la verité, et rien que la verité."

Nothing could be more painful than the sensations excited by reading the evening papers, which the prisoners at this time were permitted to receive, and which were expected with that trembling anxiety with which, under present evils, we long to look into the promises of futurity. The evening paper seemed to us the book of our destiny; but there we could trace no soothing characters of hope or mercy. Every line was stamped with conspiracy, vengeance, desolation, and death; and the reading the events of the day left impressions on our minds which often deprived us of sleep. We sometimes quitted the crowd in the public room, and shutting ourselves up in our own apartment, endeavoured, amidst the evils of this world, like Sterne's monk, to look beyond it. If such meditation was calculated to wipe away our tears, it sometimes made them flow—"Let the sighing of the prisoner come

* You must speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

before

before Thee: according to the greatness of Thy power, preserve Thou those that are appointed to die!"

I am, &c.

Miss Williams to a Friend, describing several cruel Executions, by Decrees of the Revolutionary Tribunal.

Paris.

A FEW weeks after our release from prison, Rabaut de St. Etienne was put to death. He was one of the most enlightened and virtuous men whom the revolution had called forth, and had acquired general esteem by his conduct as a legislator, and considerable reputation by his talents as a writer. He was the president of the famous committee of twelve, which was appointed by the convention, previously to the 31st of May, to examine into the conspiracies which threatened its existence, and which, as I have already related, hastened its partial dissolution. Rabaut, as often as he presented himself to make the report, was compelled by the interruptions of the conspirators and their agents to retire from the tribune, until that moment arrived, when he, together with the members of the commission, and the deputies of the Gironde, were expelled or torn from the convention! I saw him on this memorable day (for he took shelter for a few hours at our house) filled with despair, not so much for the loss of his own life, which he then considered as inevitable, as for that of the liberty of his country, now falling under the vilest despotism. He escaped arrest on the 2d of June, from not having

having been present at the convention when the conspirators consummated their crime by means of the military force of Paris, and concealed himself in the house of a friend, with his brother, one of the seventy-three deputies who had signed the protest.

They enclosed part of a room for their place of shelter, and built up the wall with their own hands, placing a book-case before the entrance, so that there was not the least appearance of concealment. They employed a carpenter in whom they had great confidence to make the door, and the wretch betrayed them. Rabaut de St. Etienne was immediately brought before the revolutionary tribunal to have his person identified, for he was now outlawed, which in France is the sentence of death. He was led to execution; and his wife, a most amiable woman, unable to support the loss of a husband whom she tenderly loved, put an end to her existence. His brother was taken to the Conciergerie, where he languished with three other victims, for many months, in a subterraneous dungeon; and there being only one bed allotted for four persons, he lay upon the damp floor, and contracted such violent disorders that his life was long despaired of. He has now taken his seat in the convention. The generous friend and his wife, who had given the brothers an asylum, were also dragged to prison; and some time after were condemned, for this noble act of friendship, to perish on the scaffold.

If France, during the unrelenting tyranny of Robespierre, exhibited unexampled crimes, it was also the scene of extraordinary virtue; of the most affecting instances of magnanimity and kindness. Of this nature was the conduct of a young man, who being a prisoner with his brother, happened to be present when the names of the victims were called

called over, who were summoned to appear the next day before the sanguinary tribunal. The young man found the name of his brother, who at that moment was absent, upon the fatal list. He paused only an instant to reflect, that the life of the father of a large family was of more value than his own: he answered the call, surrendered himself to the officer, and was executed in his brother's stead. A father made the same sacrifice for his son; for the tribunal was so negligent of forms, that it was not difficult to deceive its vigilance.

The increasing horrors which every day produced, had at length the effect of extinguishing in every heart the love of life, that sentiment which clings so fast to our nature. To die, and get beyond the reach of oppression, appeared a privilege; and perhaps nothing appalled the souls of the tyrants so much as that serenity with which their victims went to execution. The page of history has held up to the admiration of succeeding ages, those philosophers who have met death with fortitude. But had they been led among the victims of Robespierre to execution, they would have found themselves, in this respect, undistinguished from the crowd. They would have seen persons of each sex, of all ages, and all conditions, looking upon death with a contempt equal to their own. Socrates expiring, surrounded by his friends, or Seneca and Lucan sinking gently into death, have perhaps less claim to admiration than those blooming beauties, who, in all the first freshness of youth, in the very spring of life, submitted to the stroke of the executioner with placid smiles on their countenances, and looked like angels in their flight to heaven.

Among the victims of the tyrants, the women have been peculiarly distinguished for their admirable firmness in death. Perhaps this arose from the superior sensibility which belongs to the female mind,

mind, and which made it feel that it was less terrible to die than to survive the objects of its tenderness. When the general who commanded at Longwy on its surrender to the Prussians, was condemned to die, his wife, a beautiful young woman of four-and-twenty years of age, who heard the sentence pronounced, cried out in a tone of despair, "Vive le roi!" The inhuman tribunal, instead of attributing her conduct to distraction, condemned her to die. Her husband, when he was placed in the cart was filled with astonishment and anguish when he saw his beloved wife led towards it. The people, shocked at the spectacle, followed her to the scaffold, crying, "Elle n'a pas mérité la mort." "Mes amis," said she, "c'est ma faute; j'ai voulu périr avec mon mari*."

The fury of these implacable monsters seemed directed with peculiar virulence against that sex, whose weakness man was destined by nature to support. The scaffold was every day bathed with the blood of women. Some who had been condemned to die, but had been respited on account of their pregnancy, were dragged to death immediately after their delivery, in that state of weakness which savages would have respected. One unfortunate woman, the wife of a peasant, had been brought to Paris, with nineteen other women of the same class, and condemned to die with her companions. She heard her sentence without emotion; but when they came to carry her to execution, and take away the infant who was hanging at her breast, and receiving that nourishment of which death was so soon to dry up the source, she rent the air with her cries, with the strong shriek of instinctive affection, the piercing throes of maternal

* "She did not deserve death."—"My friends, it is my own fault; I was resolved to perish with my husband."

tenderness

tenderness—But in vain! the infant was torn from the bosom that cherished it, and the agonies of the unfortunate mother found respite in death.

Fourteen young girls of Verdun, who had danced at a ball given by the Prussians, were led to the scaffold together, and looked like nymphs adorned for a festival. Sometimes whole generations were swept away at one moment; and the tribunal exhibited many a family piece, which has almost broken the heart of humanity. Malesherbes, the counsel of Louis XVI. was condemned to die, at eighty years of age, with his daughter and son-in-law, his grand-daughter and grandson.

His daughter seemed to have lost sight of every earthly object but her venerable parent: she embraced him a thousand times on their way to execution, bathed his face with her tears, and when the minister of death dragged her from him, forgeting that the next moment put an end to her own, she exclaimed, "Wretch, are you going to murder my father?"

These proscribed families seemed to find the sweetest source of consolation in dying together, and to consider the momentary passage which they were going to make as so much the less painful, since they should undergo no separation, but enter at the same instant into another state of existence. A young lady, the former marchioness of Bois-Berenger, was imprisoned in the Luxembourg, with her whole family. When her father, mother, and younger sister received their act of accusation, and she found herself alone exempted, she shed a flood of tears, her heart was overwhelmed with anguish. "You will die without me," she cried, "I am condemned to survive you; we shall not perish together!" While she abandoned herself to despair, her act of acclisation arrived: a ray of transport was instantly diffused over her counte-

nance, she flew into the arms of her parents, and embraced them. "My dear mother," she exclaimed, "we shall die together!" When the family was transferred to the Conciergerie, she never left her mother a moment, but watched over her with unwearied tenderness; and while she tried to sooth her sufferings by her filial endearments, she endeavoured to inspire her with courage by the example of her own heroic fortitude. It was the picture of a sort of Roman charity. The unfortunate mother was mute, and her whole soul seemed petrified with horror. She seemed another Niobe. Her admirable daughter died with a most noble resolution.

Mademoiselle Malesi, her youngest sister, when condemned to die, said to her father, with naïvetté, "Je me serrerai tant contre vous, mon bon père, vous qui êtes si honnête homme, que Dieu me laissera passer malgré mes pêchés*."

In the prison of the Force, the men were allowed to breathe the air in a court-yard separated by a wall from the habitation of the women. A common sewer was the only means of communication. At that spot, an unhappy son presented himself every morning and every night, to enquire after his mother, who was condemned to die, but reprieved because she was pregnant, and after her delivery executed. That pious child, in his early age already the victim of misfortune, knelt down before the infectious sewer, and with his mouth placed upon the hole, poured forth the feelings of his filial tenderness. His younger brother, a lovely child of three years of age, and who was suffered to remain with his mother till her last moments, was

* "I will cling so fast to you, my dear father, you, who are so good, that God will suffer me to pass in spite of my transgressions."

often

often placed at the opposite end of the sewer, and answered for his mother when she was too ill to undertake that task herself. A person of my acquaintance heard him say, "Maman a moins pleuré cette nuit—un peu repos, et te souhaite le bon jour; c'est Lolo, qui t'aime bien, qui te dit cela*." At length this unfortunate mother, when going to execution, transmitted to her son, by the sewer, her long and graceful tresses, as the only inheritance she had to give. She then bade her infant a last farewell, and was led to the scaffold where her husband had perished some months before.

One of the persons most distinguished by their noble contempt of death was Girey Dupré, with whom I was well acquainted. He was the writer of a paper called the Patriote François, in conjunction with Brissot: he had acquired a high degree of literary reputation, and maintained his mother, a widow, by the labours of his pen. He was twenty-four years of age, and his countenance was one of the most agreeable I ever saw. To these personal advantages he united the most frank and pleasing manners, and distinguished powers of conversation. He had defended the deputies of the Gironde with too much energy not to be involved in their fate, and he was also connected by the ties of friendship with Brissot. Dupré was forced to fly from his persecutors, and seek refuge at Bourdeaux, where he was seized, and brought back in irons to Paris. Far from being depressed by his approaching fate, the natural gaiety of his disposition never forsook him a single moment. When interrogated at the tribunal with respect to his connection with Brissot, he answered only in these

* "Mamma has not cried so much to-night.—She has slept a little, and wishes you a good morning; it is Lolo who speaks to you, who loves you very much."

words, "J'ai connu Brissot; j'atteste qu'il a vecu comme Aristide, et qu'il est mort, comme Sydney, martyr de la liberté*." He presented himself at the tribunal with his hair cut off, the collar of his shirt thrown open, and all ready prepared for the stroke of the executioner. On his way to the scaffold, he saw Robespierre's mistress at the window of his lodging, with her sister, and some of their ferocious accomplices. "A bas les tyrans et les dictateurs†!" cried Dupré, repeating this prophetic exclamation till he lost sight of the house.

While going to execution, he sung in a triumphant tone, a very popular patriotic song, which he had himself composed, and of which the chorus was, "Plutôt la mort que l'esclavage‡." That cherished sentiment he fondly repeated even to his last moment, and death left the half finished sentence on his lips.

Claviere, who had been contemporary minister with Roland, and who was imprisoned in the Conciergerie, upon receiving his act of accusation, saw that the list of witnesses against him was composed of his most implacable enemies. "These are assassins," said he to a fellow prisoner; "I will snatch myself from their rage." He then repeated these lines of Voltaire,

"Les criminels tremblans sont traînés au supplice;
Les mortels généreux disposent de leur sort."

and after deliberating with his companion upon the most effectual means of striking himself so that the dagger might reach his heart, he retired to his cell, where he was found, a few minutes after, breathing

* "I knew Brissot; I attest that he lived like Aristides, and died like Sydney, the martyr of liberty."

† "Down with tyrants and dictators!"

‡ "Rather death than slavery."

his

his last sigh. Madame Claviere, upon receiving the tidings of his death, swallowed poison, after having embraced her children, and regulated her affairs. Notwithstanding his suicide, the property of Claviere was confiscated, as if he had been regularly condemned. A law had lately been passed to construe an act of suicide into a counter-revolutionary project, when the father of a family who knew that his life was devoted, had voluntarily put an end to his existence in the hope of preserving his children from want. Robespierre and his financial agents, found nothing more pressing than to baffle those conspiracies against the revenues of their government; for confiscation was so evidently the leading motive for the great mass of their judicial assassinations, that the guillotine, amongst other numerous titles, was most generally called "the minister of finance." The tribunal now began, to use the language of the orator*, "to look into the cash accounts for delinquency, and found the offenders guilty of so many hundred thousand pounds worth of treason. They now accused by the multiplication table, tried by the rule of three, and condemned, not by the sublime institutes of Justinian, but by the unerring rules of Cocker's arithmetic."

On some occasions the genuine feelings of nature burst forth amidst the stupified terror that had frozen every heart. A law had lately passed, obliging every merchant to inscribe on his door the stock of merchandize in his warehouse, under the penalty of death. A wine-merchant, whose affairs had called him hastily into the country, entrusted the business of the inscription to his son, who from ignorance or negligence, for it was clearly proved

* See Mr. Sheridan's eloquent speech on Mr. Hastings's trial.

that there existed no intention of fraud, had omitted to affix the declaration in the precise words of the law. The conscientious jury of the revolutionary tribunal condemned him to death, presuming on the counter revolutionary intention in this case from the act, though they were in general accustomed, for want of other evidence, to find the act by guessing at the intention. The innocent prisoner had prepared himself for death, when the minister of justice, informed of the case, wrote to the convention, demanding a respite. His letter had not been half read before the hall resounded with the cry of "reprieve, reprieve!" and fearing that the act of pardon would arrive too late, the convention, dispensing with the usual formalities, not only sent its officers and part of the military force, but great numbers of the deputies rushed out to stop the execution. The officer who received the order first, with which he flew towards the place of the revolution, told me that on his coming out of the convention he saw the scaffold reared, and the crowd assembled. He had scarcely reached the tree of the first vista when he saw the fatal knife descend; he redoubled his speed, but before he got to the end of the walk another head had fallen; a third person had mounted the scaffold, but the voice of the messenger was too weak, from the efforts he had made to gain the spot, to be heeded by the multitude. The fourth had ascended when he gained the place, rushed through the crowd, called to the executioner, and leaped on the scaffold. The prisoner had been stripped, his shoulders were bare, and he was already tied to the plank, when the cry of "reprieve" burst forth: the officer enquired his name, which the young man told him. "Alas! you are not the person," he replied. The prisoner submitted calmly to his fate

The bearer of the reprieve, who is a person of a very benevolent disposition, declared that he never felt so acute a pang as when he was compelled to turn away from this unfortunate victim. He hastened, however, to the prison, where he found the person who was reprieved awaiting the return of the cart and the executioner, his hair cut and his hands tied, to be led to death at another part of the city where his house stood. A wife and nine children were deploring the miserable loss of a husband and a father, when the officer who had brought the tidings of life to the prisoner, went at his request to carry them to his distracted family. I need not describe what he related to me of the scene—your heart will readily fill up the picture.

That class of men which were peculiarly the objects of the tyrant's rage were men of letters, with respect to whom the jealousy of the rival was mingled with the fury of the oppressor, and against whom his hatred was less implacable for having opposed his tyranny, than for having eclipsed his eloquence. It is a odrious consideration, that the unexampled crimes of this sanguinary usurper, and the consequent miseries which have desolated the finest country of Europe, may, perhaps, if traced to their source, be found to arise from the resentment of a disappointed wit. Robespierre, for the misfortune of humanity, was persecuted by the most restless desire of distinguishing himself as an orator, and nature had denied him the power. He and his brother were born at Arras, and left orphans at an early age. The bishop of Arras had bestowed on them a liberal education. Robespierre distinguished himself by his application to his first studies, and obtained many literary prizes. At the age of sixteen, elated by the applause he had received, he fancied himself endowed with such rare powers of genius as would enable him to act a splendid part

on the theatre of the world, and his friends indulged the same fond expectation. He applied to the study of the law, and already, in imagination, contemplated himself disputing with the first orators of the age the palm of eloquence. Experience, however, convinced his friends, and at length himself, that they had indulged a vain illusion. He discovered no taste or aptitude for the profession for which he was designed, became weary of study, was checked by the slightest difficulties; and being found destitute of those talents which were necessary to his success as a public speaker, his benefactor, after a trial of sufficient length, refused to support him any longer, at a considerable and fruitless expence at Paris, but ordered him to return to Arras, where in an humble sphere, better suited to the mediocrity of his abilities, he might pursue his profession as a lawyer. Robespierre was compelled to return to Arras; which, after the splendid dreams he had indulged of fame and honours in the capital, was an humiliation he felt keenly, but which he brooded over in silence; for he never, on any occasion, displayed his sensibility to mortifications, which was in proportion to his excessive vanity, but concentered within his vindictive soul his disgrace, his resentment, and his projects of vengeance. From the period of his return to Arras may be dated his abhorrence of men of talents. From that moment, instead of admiring genius, he enjoined as its existence. The same feelings clung to his base and envious spirit when he had usurped his dictatorial power. He made it pain of death to be author of what he called seditious publications, by which means it was easy for him to involve men of letters in a general proscription. He suppressed every dramatic piece in which there were any allusions he disliked, or wherein the picture or history held up to view any feature of his own character. And

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it was his plan to abolish theatrical entertainments altogether; for he considered the applause bestowed on fine poetry as something of which his harangues were defrauded. He held up men of letters to the people as persons hostile to the cause of liberty, and incapable of raising themselves to the height of the revolution; and to make them still greater objects of mistrust and suspicion, he had long instructed his agents to declaim against them as *statesmen*, the meaning of which word, in the dictionary of these conspirators, was counter-revolutionist. Their system had even arrived at some maturity, when Brissot, in his speech for an appeal to the people on the trial of the late king, thus pourtrays them:

"Il semble à entendre ces hommes qu'on ne puisse être à la hauteur de la révolution, qu'en montant sur des piles de cadavres. Il semble que le secret de l'homme d'état soit maintenant le secret des bourreaux. Veut-on faire entendre le langage de la saine politique? on est soudoyé par des puissances étrangeres. Veut-on parler celui de la raison? c'est de la philosophie toute-pure, s'écrie-t-on; et on accoutume la multitude à mépriser sa bienfaitrice, à diviniser l'ignorance*."

"L'ignorance de la multitude est le secret du pouvoir des agitateurs connue des despotes; c'est là le secret de la durée de l'art de calomnier. Voilà pourquoi ils s'élevent contre la philosophie, qui

* "According to these men, no one can possibly be at the height of the revolution without mounting on heaps of dead. It seems as if the knowledge of the statesman was commensurate only with the skill of the executioner. If we speak a language dictated by sound policy, we are in the pay of foreign powers. Do we speak that of reason? This is nothing, they exclaim, but the dreams of philosophy: and thus the multitude are instructed to despise their benefactress, and deify ignorance."

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veut affermir la liberté sur la raison universelle. Voilà pourquoi ils plaisantent sur le système d'éducation, sur l'utilité des écoles primaires. Il s'agit bien de tout cela, c'est de massacres qu'il faut entretenir le peuple. Voilà pourquoi ils supposent, ils accusent sans cesse l'aristocratie du talent. Ah! pourquoi le talent? n'est-il qu'un être metaphysique? Avec quel doux plaisir ces Vandales le nivelleroient, si leur faux pouvoient l'atteindre*!"

One of the objects of Robespierre's resentment was M. Bitauby, a Prussian, well known in the literary world by his elegant translation of Homer into French. He was a member of the academy at Berlin, from which the king of Prussia ordered his name to be struck out, and the pension with which the great Frederic had rewarded his merit to be discontinued, on account of his avowed attachment to the principles of the revolution. M. Bitauby had fixed his residence at Paris several years previous to that event. I have been acquainted with him and his lady since my first arrival in France, and have never met with persons who blended with the wisdom and seriousness of age, so much of all that is amiable in youth. M. Bitauby, in the first days of the revolution, had been personally acquainted with Robespierre, who frequently dined at his house; but he was not long in dis-

* "The ignorance of the multitude is the master-spring of the power of *anarchists* as well as of despots: it is by this they keep alive the breath of calumny. Furnished with this engine they make war on philosophy, which teaches us that universal reason is the only basis of liberty; and thus deride every plan of education, and deny the utility of public schools. These are reveries, say they; the people must be regenerated with blood. This is the reason why they are inveighing so continually against the aristocracy of genius. Alas! why has knowledge only a metaphysical existence? With what complacency would not these Vandals bring it to their own level, if their destroying scythes could reach it!"

covering

covering the sanguinary and fanatical ideas of liberty which filled the soul of the tyrant, and which so much disgusted him that he gave up his acquaintance.

Robespierre did not forget the affront, which he had now the power to avenge. M. Bitauby and his wife were dragged to prison in the beginning of the winter, where they languished ten months; and deprived of those cares, which their age and infirmities required, they had almost sunk beneath their weight. Madame Bitauby's indisposition required medical assistance; but so many formalities were necessary before a physician could be admitted into the prison, that, if the disorder was not of a lingering nature, the patient expired while the police were arranging the ceremonials previous to his relief. During the last months of Robespierre's usurpation, the prisoners were refused the consolation of being attended by their own physicians. Professional men were appointed by the police; and as selections were made among those who were able to give clearer proofs of their Jacobin principles than of their medical skill, these revolutionary doctors sometimes robbed the revolutionary jury of their prey. A few however of these "officers of health" possessed the negative merit which Dr. Franklin ascribed to old and experienced physicians, "*they let* their patients die," for the remedies they administered were of too harmless a nature to be capable of doing mischief. The physicians of the Conciergerie had as strong a predilection for tisanne as Dr. Sangrado for hot water. Tisanne was the vivifying draught which was destined to sooth all pains, and heal all maladies. One day the doctor, after having felt a patient's pulse, said to the jailor, "He is better this morning." "Yes," answered the jailor, "*he* is better, but the person who lay in this bed yesterday is dead."

dead." "Eh bien," resumed the doctor coolly, "qu'on donne toujours la tisanne."

M. and Madame Bitauby had an advocate in their distress whom it was difficult indeed to resist. This was an old servant of eighty years of age. His figure was so interesting that Sterne's pencil only could sketch it well; and had Sterne seen him, he would not have failed to draw his portrait. He pleaded the cause of his master with such pathetic eloquence, that, at the revolutionary committee, he sometimes "drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek." But the old man was eloquent in vain, and was sinking with despair into the grave when the revolution of the 9th of Thermidor restored his master and mistress to liberty.

The fate of Bouchen, author of a poem called "The Months," excited particular sympathy. He passed his time in prison, in educating one of his children, and this employment seemed to charm away his cares. The day he received his act of accusation, knowing well the fate that awaited him, he sent his son home, giving him his portrait, which a painter who was his fellow prisoner had drawn, and which he ordered the child to give his mother. Below the picture he had written the following lines:

"Ne vous étonnez pas, objets charmans et doux,
Si quelqu'air de tristesse obscurcit mon visage;
Lorsqu'un savant crayon dessinoit cette image,
On dressoit l'échafaud, et je pensois à vous."

Lov'd objects, cease to wonder when ye trace
The melancholy air that clouds my face;
Ah! while the painter's skill this image drew
They rear'd the scaffold, and I thought of you!

La Voisier, the celebrated chemist, was put to death with the other farmers general. He requested a fortnight's respite to enable him to complete a philosphical

philosophical experiment. The Vandals had no time to pause in their career of blood, for the pursuits of philosophy, and sent him away, observing that the republic had no longer any need of chemists. Chamfort, a member of the French academy, and an enthusiastic advocate for the revolution, with feelings too keen to bear the horrors by which so noble a cause had been stained, hid them from his sight by a voluntary death. La Harpe was thrown into prison, and was destined to perish on the scaffold. The author of the Travels of the younger Anacharsis, notwithstanding his advanced age, was the object of continual persecution. Florian, who was himself imprisoned, and condemned to see his dearest friends perish, had not sufficient fortitude to sustain such trials. His charming pen had displayed the most soothing images of happiness and virtue, and when he beheld around him only misery and crimes, his disordered imagination hastened his death. Vicq d'Azyr died of a broken heart. Bailly, the first mayor of Paris, whose astronomical researches have placed him in the highest rank of science, was murdered with circumstances of peculiar aggravation. He was to have been executed in the Champ de Mars; but from the caprice of the sanguinary mob, he was compelled to wait two or three hours at the place of execution, while the scaffold was removed to a field adjoining, where he stood drenched in rain, in the midst of winter, and, which was more difficult to bear than the "pelting of the pitiless storm," exposed to the insults and injuries of an execrable set of wretches who usually attended these horrid spectacles. The red flag was burned before his eyes, and he was compelled to set fire to the pile that consumed it, while the ruffians plunged his head into the smoke for their farther amusement. He submitted to all that was inflicted on

him with the serenity of a philosopher, and only requested with mildness, that his sufferings might be terminated. One of the barbarians by whom he was tormented, said to him, in a tone of savage mockery, "Tu trombles, Bailly."—"Mon ami, c'est de froid*," replied the sage. At length, after having made him drink the cup of bitterness to the very dregs, they permitted him to die.

I am, &c.

Miss Williams to a Friend, relating the unhappy Catastrophe of a Family in the South of France.

THE cities of Paris and Lyons, and the extensive department of the Vendée, were not the only scenes of horror which France exhibited during the tyranny of Robespierre; alas, there was scarcely a valley of that desolated country, "whose flowers were not bruised with the tread of hostile paces!" Robespierre could not have so long maintained his iron sceptre, had he not found, to use the words of Shakespeare,

"Slaves that took his humours for a warrant
"To break into the bloody house of life;
"And, on the winking of authority,
"To understand a law."———

While Carrier ravaged the country of the west, and Collot d'Herbois laid the opulent city of the east in ashes, Le Bon hung like a destroying vulture over the north, feasting his savage soul with the sight of mangled carcases; and Maignet consumed the lovely villages of the south in the flames of a general conflagration. The scene of Maignet's proconsolate was the departments of Vaucluse, and the

* "You tremble, Bailly."—"It is with cold, my friend."

mouth

mouth of the Rhone—those celebrated regions for ever dear to the lovers of the elegant arts, where, cheering the gloom of gothic barbarism, to use the language of Ossian, "the light of the song arose;" where the Troubadours strung their early harps, and where the immortal Petrarch poured forth his impassioned strains. Divine poet! no more shall the unhappy lover seek for consolation in shedding delicious tears on the brink of that fountain where thou hast wept for Laura!—no more shall he haunt with pensive enthusiasm that solitary valley, those craggy rocks, those hanging woods, and torrent streams, where thou hast wandered with congenial feelings, and to which thy tender complaints have given everlasting renown! those enchanting dreams, those dear illusions have for ever vanished—that delicious country, the pride of France, the garden of Europe, the classical haunt of Petrarch, no longer presents the delightful images of beauty, of poetry, of passion; the magical spell is broken, the soothing charm is dissolved; the fairy scenes have been polluted, the wizard bowers profaned; the orange groves are despoiled of their aromatic sweetness; the waters are tinged with blood; the hollow moans of calamity issue from the caverns, and the shrieks of despair re-echo from the cliffs; the guillotine has arisen amidst those consecrated shades where love alone had reared its altars!—no longer with the name of Vaucluse is associated the idea of Petrarch; that of Maignet, the destroying Maignet, presents itself to the shuddering imagination, and the astonished soul starts back with horror——

"I see, where late the verdant landscape smil'd,
A joyless desart, and a dreary wild;
O'er all the air a direful gloom is spread,
Pale are the meads, and all their blossoms dead;
The clouds of April shed a baleful dew,
And nature wears a veil of deadly hue."——

One of the first acts of Maignet, upon his arrival in the department of Vaucluse, was the destruction of the village of Bedouin, situated in a country of the most romantic beauty, and where the benign climate fosters all the rich productions of summer, and forms a striking contrast to the eternal snows which cover the mountains of Ventoux, at the foot of which the village is placed.

A small tree of liberty which had been planted on a solitary spot near Bedouin, was, during the night, torn from the ground by some wretches who knew that this incident would furnish a pretext for pillage and devastation. At break of day the very persons who were the perpetrators of this act, one of whom was the president of the popular society, sounded a general alarm, and accused the guiltless inhabitants of Bedouin of the sacrilege committed against the hallowed symbol of freedom.

Revolutionary troops were instantly summoned to carry fire and sword through the village and territory of Bedouin. A municipal commission was immediately organized by Maignet, which presented itself wherever there was the hope of spoil, spreading every where desolation and death. Five hundred habitations were delivered to the flames; the fruits of the harvest were consumed, and the mandate of Maignet, fatal as the fabled wand of an evil magician, struck the rich and luxuriant soil with sudden sterility. The flourishing manufactures of Bedouin shared the fate of its desolated fields, and all that was saved from the general wreck were the treasures spread by the fruitful silk worm upon the tops of the trees by which it is nourished. A tribunal of blood was formed by the order of Maignet; every day the destined number of victims were marked by the public accuser; and the inhabitants who were unable to name the guilty persons, were all involved in one proscription.

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Those who escaped the knife of the guillotine sought for shelter in the depths of caverns, after the conflagration of their habitations, on the ruins of which placards were fixed, forbidding any person to approach the spot. The hollow cliffs re-echoed the moans of the widow and the orphan. Two hundred and eighty young men of Bedouin who had flown to the frontier even before the requisition in order to defend their country, in vain dispatch successive letters, enquiring with fond solicitude after their parents. Those gallant young soldiers will return to their native village, their brows bound with the laurels of valour. Alas! they will find their native village but one sad heap of ruins!—in vain they will call upon the tender names of father, of mother, of sister—a melancholy voice will seem to issue from the earth that covers them, and sigh, *they are no more!* For those victorious warriors no car of triumph is prepared; no mother's tears of transport shall hail the blessed moment of their return; no father shall clasp them to his bosom with exulting joy, proud of their heroic deeds. Ah, no! their toils, their dangers, and their generous sacrifices shall find no recompence in the sweetness of domestic affection, in the soothing bliss which, after absence, belongs to home!—alas! their homes are levelled with the ground; they will find no spot upon which to repose their wearied limbs but the graves of their murdered parents.

The village of Bedouin was too confined a sphere for the destroying genius of Maignet. His thirst of blood was not yet allayed, his taste for desolation was not yet gratified. A wider scene of ruin fired his imagination, and his creative genius furnished the committee of public safety with a model for the law of the 22d of Prairial, which banished all judicial forms from the revolutionary tribunal of

Paris. Maignet, after the destruction of Bedouin, caused what he termed a popular commission to be erected at Orange, for the purpose of trying all the counter-revolutionists of the departments of Vaucluse, and the mouth of the Rhone, without any written evidence, and without a jury. "Twelve or fifteen thousand persons are imprisoned in those departments," says Maignet in a letter to Couthon; "if I were to execute the decree which orders all conspirators to be brought to Paris, it would require an army to conduct them, and they must be billetted like soldiers upon the road." Maignet therefore obtained the sanction of the committee of public safety, which was given without the consent of the convention, to his plan of forming a popular commission at Orange.

The committee of public safety named the judges, who by their conduct justified the discernment with which they were chosen, and proceeded with revolutionary rapidity in their work of death. "You know," says the secretary of the commission, in a letter to Payan, "the situation of Orange; the guillotine is placed in the front of the *mountain*, and it seems as if the heads in falling paid it the homage it deserves. Sometimes however the majority of the judges of Orange complain in their letters of two of their colleagues, whose consciences had not altogether attained the height of the revolution. Faurety, the president of the commission, says in a letter to Payan, "Ragot, Pereux, and myself are *au pas**; Roman Fouvosa is a good creature, but an adherer to forms, and a little off

* The military expression of marching *au pas*, to the beat of the drum, became a cant term much in use during the tyranny of Robespierre; and adherence to the principles and doctrines of the day was signified by saying, Je suis *au pas*.

the revolutionary point which he ought to touch. Meillerit, my fourth colleague, is good for nothing, absolutely good for nothing in the place he occupies; he is sometimes disposed to save counter-revolutionary priests; he must have *proofs*, as at the ordinary tribunals of the antient system."—Those troublesome scruples of two of the judges were however so completely over-ruled by the majory of their colleagues, that the departments of the Vaucluse and the mouth of the Rhone became the scenes of the most horrible outrages against humanity. Multitudes had already perished by the murderous commission of Orange, and multitudes in the gloom of prisons awaited the same fate, when the fall of Robespierre stopped the torrent of human blood.

Amidst the mass of far-spread evil, amidst the groans of general calamity, no doubt many a sigh of private sorrow has never reached the ear of sympathy, and many a victim has fallen unpitied and unknown. Some of the martyrs of Maignet's tyranny, have, however found a "sad historian of the pensive plain;" and the fate of Monsieur de M——'s family, which I have heard related much in detail by an old female servant who was the companion of their misfortunes, is not the least affecting of those tales of sorrow.

M. de M——, formerly a noble, lived with his son, an only child, at Marseilles, where he was generally respected, and where during the progress of the revolution he had acted the part of a firm and enlightened patriot. After the fatal events of the 31st of May, he became suspected of what was called federalism by the jacobin party, which usurped the power in that city, and punished with imprisonment or death all those who had honourably protested against the tyranny of the mountain faction. M. de M—— was warned of the danger by

by a friend time enough to fly from the city, accompanied only by an old female servant, who entreated to share the fortune of her master. His wife died some years before the revolution, and his son, an amiable and accomplished young man of twenty-four years of age, had a few weeks before his father's flight been called upon by the first requisition, and had joined the army of the Pyrenees.

M. de M——, after wandering as far as his infirmities would permit, for although only in his sixty-third year his frame was much debilitated by a long course of ill health, took a refuge in a solitary habitation at a few leagues distant from Ariquon, and in one of the wildest parts of that romantic country. The mountains seem to close the scene upon the traveller, till by a narrow cleft it again opens into a small valley, where this little hermitage, for such was the aspect of the dwelling, was placed. This unfrequented valley was rich with pasturage, and bounded by lofty hills, wooded cliffs, and in some parts by large grotesque rocks with sharp peaks, that rose above the foliage of the hanging forests. Not far from this rustic habitation a clear torrent rolls with no scanty stream down a bold rock, into which its fall had worn grots and caverns, which were luxuriously decorated with shrubs, for ever watered by the spray. The torrent not falling from a very considerable height, produced sounds more soothing than noisy, and without having the power of exciting the sensation of sublimity, awakened that of pensive, pleasing melancholy. This sequestered valley, rich in the wild graces of nature, had escaped the decorations of French art, and no jets d'eaux, clipped trees, and "alleys who have brothers," deformed its solitary recesses. Far above, and at some distance, arose the lofty mountains of Ventoux, covered with its eternal snows; that mountain which Petrarch climbed,

climbed in spite of the steep rocks that guard its ascent, and from the summit of which he gazed upon the Alps, the boundary of his native country, and sighed; or cast his looks upon the waves of the Mediterranean which bathe Marseilles, and dash themselves against Aigues-Mortes; while he saw the rapid Rhone flowing majestically along the valley, and the clouds rolling beneath his feet.

Such was the scene where M. de M—— sought for refuge, and where he sheltered himself from the rage of his ferocious persecutors. He had soon after the anguish of hearing that his brother who had a place in the administration of one of the southern departments, and who had taken an active part on the side of the Gironde, had perished on the scaffold. M. de M—— found means to inform his sister-in-law of the place of his retreat, to which he conjured her to hasten with her daughter, and share the little property which he had rescued from the general wreck of his fortune. His old servant, Marianne, who was the bearer of this message, returned accompanied by his niece; her mother was no more, she had survived only a few weeks the death of her husband. The interview between Mademoiselle Adelaide de M—— and her uncle produced those emotions of overwhelming sorrow that arise at the sight of objects which interest our affections after we have sustained any deep calamity; in those moments the past rushes on the mind with uncontrollable vehemence; and Mademoiselle de M——, after having long embraced her uncle with an agony that choked all utterance, at length pronounced in the accents of despair, the names of father and of mother.

M. de M—— endeavoured to supply to his unfortunate niece the place of the parents she had lost, and forgot his own evils in this attempt to sooth the affliction of this interesting mourner, who at nine-

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teen years of age, in all the bloom of beauty, was the prey of deep and settled melancholy. She had too much sensibility not to feel his tender cares, and often restrained her tears in his presence because they gave him pain. When those tears could no longer be suppressed, she wandered out alone, and, seating herself on some fragment of rock, soothed by the murmurs of the hollow winds and moaning waters, indulged her grief without control. In one of these lonely rambles, sacred to her sorrows, she was awakened from melancholy musing by the sudden appearance of her cousin, the son of M. de M——, who, after having repeatedly exposed his life during a long and perilous campaign in the service of his country, returned—to find his home deserted and his father an exile. Such were the rewards which the gallant defenders of liberty received from the hands of tyrants. The young man flew to his father's retreat, where the first object that met his eyes was his lovely cousin, whom he had a few months before beheld in all the pride of youthful beauty; her cheek flushed with the gay suffusion of health, and her eye sparkling with pleasure. That cheek was now covered with fixed paleness, and that eye was dimmed with tears; but Mademoiselle de M—— had never appeared to him so interesting as at this moment.

Two young persons placed together in such peculiar circumstances, must have had hearts insensible indeed, had they conceived no attachment for each other. The son of M. de M—— and Adelaide, who both possessed an uncommon share of sensibility, soon felt, that while all beyond the narrow cleft which separated the little valley from the rest of the world was misery and disorder, whatever could give value to existence was to be found within its savage boundary, in that reciprocal affection which soothe he evils of the past, and

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shed a soft and cheering ray over the gloom of the future. The scene in which they were placed was peculiarly calculated to cherish the illusions of passion; not merely from displaying those simple and romantic beauties the contemplation of which softens whilst it elevates the affections—it had also that local charm which endears to minds of taste and sentiment spots which have been celebrated by the powers of genius. Petrarch, the tender, the immortal Petrarch, had trod those very valleys, had climbed those very rocks, and wandered in those very woods—and the two young persons, who both understood Italian, when they read together the melodious strains of that divine poet, found themselves transported into new regions, and forgot for a while that revolutionary government existed. From those dreams, those delightful illusions, they were awakened by a letter which a friend and fellow-soldier of young de M—— conveyed to him, in which he conjured him to return immediately to the army, if he would shun being classed among the suspected or the proscribed.

Young de M—— considered the defence of his country as a sacred duty which he was bound to fulfil. He instantly prepared to depart. He bid adieu to his father and Adelaide with tears wrung from a bleeding heart, and tore himself away with an effort which it required the exertion of all his fortitude to sustain. After having passed the cleft which enclosed the valley, he again turned back to gaze once more on the spot which contained all his treasure. Adelaide, after his departure, had no consolation but in the sad yet dear indulgence of tender recollection; in shedding tears over the paths they had trod, over the books they had read together. Alas, this unfortunate young lady had far other pangs to suffer than the tender repinings of absence from a beloved object! Some weeks after

after the departure of her lover, the departments of Vaucluse and the mouth of the Rhone were desolated by Maignet. Two proscribed victims of his tyranny, who were the friends of M. de M——, and knew the place of his retreat, sought for an asylum in his dwelling. M. de M—— received his fugitive friends with affectionate kindness. But a few days after their arrival their retreat was discovered by the emissaries of Maignet; the narrow pass of the valley was guarded by soldiers; the house was encompassed by a military force; and M. de M—— was summoned to depart with the conspirators whom he had dared to harbour, in order to appear with them before the popular commission established at Orange. This last stroke his unhappy niece had no power to sustain. All the wounds of her soul were suddenly and rudely torn open; and altogether overwhelmed by this unexpected, this terrible calamity, which filled up the measure of her afflictions, her reason entirely forsook her. With frantic agony she knelt at the feet of him who commanded the troop; she implored, she wept, she shrieked; then started up and hung upon her uncle's neck, pressing him wildly in her arms. Some of the soldiers proposed conducting her also to the tribunal; but the leader of the band, whether touched by her distress, or fearful that her despair would be troublesome on the way, persuaded them to leave her behind. She was dragged from her uncle, and locked in a chamber, from whence her shrieks were heard by the unfortunate old man till he had passed the narrow cleft of the valley, which he was destined to behold no more. His sufferings were acute, but they were not of long duration. The day of his arrival at Orange, he was led before the popular commission, together with his friends, and from thence immediately dragged to execution.

In

In the mean time Mademoiselle de M——, released by Marianne from the apartment where she had been confined by the merciless guards, wandered from morning till evening amidst the wildest recesses of the valley, and along the most rugged paths she could find. She was constantly followed in her ramblings by her faithful servant, who never lost sight of her a single moment, and who retains in her memory many a mournful complaint of her disordered mind, many a wild expression of despair. She often retired to a small nook near the torrent, where her uncle had placed a seat, and where he usually passed some hours of the day. Sometimes she seated herself on the bench; then started up, and throwing herself on her knees before the spot where her uncle used to sit, bathed it with floods of tears. "Dear old man,", she would cry, "your aged head!—They might have left me a lock of his grey hairs. When the soldiers come for *me*, Marianne, you may cut off a lock of mine for Charles—Poor Charles!—It is well he's gone—I see the guillotine behind those trees!—and now they drag up a weak old man!—they tie him to the plank!—it bends—oh heaven!"——

The acute afflictions with which young de M—— heard of the murder of his father was still aggravated by the tidings he received from Marianne of the situation of his beloved Adelaide. Her image was for ever present to his mind; and unable to support the bitterness of those pangs which her idea excited, he again found means to obtain leave of absence for a few weeks, and hastened to the valley. He found the habitation deserted—all was dark and silent: he flew through the apartments, calling upon the name of Adelaide, but no voice answered his call.

He left the house, and walked with hasty steps along the valley. As he passed a cavern of the

rocks, he heard the moans of Adelaide—he rushed into the cavern—she was seated upon its flinty floor, and Marianne was sitting near.—Adelaide cast up her eyes as he entered, and looked at him earnestly, he knelt by her side, and pressed her hand to his bosom—"I don't know you," said Adelaide.—"Not know me!" he cried, "not know Charles!"—"If you *are* Charles," she resumed sullenly, "you're come too late—'tis all over!—Poor old man!" she cried, rising hastily from the ground, and clasping her hands together, "don't you see his blood on my clothes? I begged very hard for him—I told them I had no father and mother but *him*—If you *are* Charles, begone, begone!—They're coming—they're on the way—I see them upon the rock!—That knife—that bloody knife!"

Such were the ravings of the disordered imagination of this unfortunate young lady, and which were sometimes interrupted by long intervals of silence, and sometimes by an agony of tears. Her lover watched over her with the most tender and unwearied assiduity; but his cares were ineffectual. The life of Adelaide was near its close. The convulsive pangs of her mind, the extraordinary fatigues she had suffered in her wanderings, the want of any nourishment, except bread and water, since she obstinately refused all other food, had reduced her frame to a state of incurable weakness and decay.

A short time before she expired, she recovered her reason, and employed her last remains of strength in the attempt to console her wretched lover. She spoke to him of a happier world, where they should meet again, and where tyrants should oppress no more—she grasped his hand—she fixed her eyes on his—and died!

With the gloomy silence of despair, with feelings that were denied the relief of tears, and were beyond

beyond the utterance of complaint, this unfortunate young man prepared with his own hands the grave of her he loved, and himself covered her corpse with earth.

The last offices paid by religion to the dead, the hallowed taper, the lifted cross, the solemn requiem, had long since vanished, and the municipal officer returned the dust to dust with unceremonious speed. The lover of Adelaide chose to perform himself those sad functions for the object of his tenderness, and might have exclaimed with our poet—

"What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face;
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallowed dirge be utter'd o'er thy tomb!
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made."

Young de M—— passed the night at the grave of Adelaide. Marianne followed him thither, and humbly entreated him to return to the house. He pointed to the new laid earth, and waved his hand as if he wished her to depart, and leave his meditations uninterrupted.

The next morning at break of day he entered the house, and called for Marianne. He thanked her for her care of Adelaide; he assured her of his everlasting gratitude. While he was speaking, his emotion choaked his voice, and a shower of tears, the first he had shed since the death of Adelaide, soothed his oppressed heart. When he had recovered himself, he bade Marianne farewel, and hastened out of the house, muttering in a low tone, "This must be avenged!" He told

Marianne, that he was going to rejoin his battalion; but all enquiries after him have since been fruitless: this unhappy young man has been heard of no more!

I am, &c.

Wm. Cowper, Esq. (the Poet) to S. Rose, Esq.

Weston, July 24, 1787.

DEAR SIR,

THIS is the first time I have written these six months, and nothing but the constraint of obligation could induce me to write now. I cannot be so wanting to myself, as not to endeavour, at least, to thank you, both for the visits with which you have favoured me, and the Poems that you have sent me. In my present state of mind, I taste nothing; nevertheless I read, partly from habit, and partly because it is the only thing that I am capable of.

I have, therefore, read Burn's Poems, and have read them twice; and though they be written in a language that is new to me, and many of them on subjects much inferior to the author's ability, I think them, on the whole, a very extraordinary production. He is, I believe, the only poet these kingdoms have produced in the lower rank of life, since Shakespeare, I should rather say since Prior, who need not be indebted for any part of his praise to a charitable consideration of his origin, and the disadvantages under which he laboured. It will be pity if he should not hereafter divest himself of barbarism, and content himself with writing pure English, in which he appears perfectly qualified to excel. He who can command admiration, dishonours

dishonours himself if he aims no higher than to raise a laugh.

I am, dear Sir, with my best wishes for your prosperity, and with Mrs. Unwin's respects, your obliged and affectionate humble servant,

W. C.

Wm. Cowper, Esq. to Samuel Rose, Esq.

Weston, August 27, 1787.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE not yet taken up the pen again, except to write to you. The little taste that I have had of your company, and your kindness in finding me out, make me wish that we were nearer neighbours, and that there was not so great a disparity in our years; that is to say, not that you were older, but that I were younger. Could we have met in early life, I flatter myself that we might have been more intimate than now we are likely to be. But you shall not find me slow to cultivate such a measure of your regard, as your friends of your own age can spare me. When your route shall lie through this country, I shall hope the same kindness which has prompted you twice to call on me, will prompt you again; and I shall be happy if, on a future occasion, I may be able to give you a more cheerful reception, than can be expected from an invalid. My health and spirits are considerably improved, and I once more associate with my neighbours. My head, however, has been the worst part of me, and still continues so; is subject to giddiness and pain—maladies very unfavourable to poetical employment; but a preparation of the bark, which I take regularly, has

so far been of service to me in those respects, as to encourage in me a hope, that by perseverance in the use of it, I may possibly find myself qualified to resume the translation of Homer.

When I cannot walk, I read, and read perhaps more than is good for me; but I cannot be idle. The only mercy that I shew myself in this respect is, that I read nothing that requires much closeness of application.

I lately finished the perusal of a book, which, in former years, I have more than once attacked, but never till now conquered: some other book always interfered, before I could finish it. The work I mean is Barclay's Argenis, and if ever you allow yourself to read for mere amusement, I can recommend it to you (provided you have not already perused it) as the most amusing romance that ever was written. It is the only one indeed of an old date that I ever had the patience to go through with. It is interesting in a high degree; richer in incident than can be imagined, full of surprises which the reader never forestalls, and yet free from all entanglement and confusion. The stile too appears to me to be such as would not dishonour Tacitus himself.

Poor Burn loses much of his deserved praise in this country, through our ignorance of his language. I despair of meeting with any Englishman who will take the pains that I have taken to understand him. His candle is bright, but shut up in a dark lantern. I sent him to a very sensible neighbour of mine, but his uncouth dialect spoiled all, and, before he had half read him through, he was quite ramfeezled.

W. C.

Wm.

Wm. Cowper, Esq. to Lady Hesketh.

The Lodge, March 3, 1788.

ONE day last week, Mrs. Unwin and I having taken our morning walk, and returning home through the wilderness, met the Throckmortons. A minute after we had met them, we heard the cry of hounds at no great distance; and mounting the broad stump of an elm which had been felled, and by the aid of which we were enabled to look over the wall, we saw them. They were all at that time in our orchard: presently we heard a terrier belonging to Mrs. Throckmorton, which you may remember by the name of Fury, yelping with much vehemence, and saw her running through the thickets, within a few yards of us, at her utmost speed, as if in pursuit of something, which we doubted not was the fox. Before we could reach the other end of the wilderness, the hounds entered also; and when we arrived at the gate which opens into the grove, there we found the whole weary cavalcade assembled. The huntsman, dismounting, begged leave to follow his hounds on foot, for he was sure, he said, that they had killed him; a conclusion which I suppose he drew from their profound silence. He was accordingly admitted; and, with a sagacity that would not have dishonoured the best hound in the world, pursuing precisely the same track which the fox and the dogs had taken, though he never had a glimpse of either after their first entrance through the rails, arrived where he found the slaughtered prey. He soon produced dead reynard and rejoined us in the grove with all his dogs about him. Having an opportunity to see a ceremony which I was pretty sure would never fall in my way again, I determined to stay, and to notice all that passed with

with the most minute attention. The huntsman having, by the aid of a pitchfork, lodged reynard on the arm of an elm, at the height of about nine feet from the ground, there left him for a considerable time. The gentlemen sat on their horses contemplating the fox for which they had toiled so hard, and the hounds assembled at the foot of the tree, with faces not less expressive of the most rational delight, contemplated the same object. The huntsman remounted; he cut off a foot, and threw it to the hounds; one of them swallowed it whole like a bolus. He then once more alighted, and, drawing down the fox by the hinder legs, desired the people, who were by this time rather numerous, to open a lane for him to the right and left; he was instantly obeyed, when throwing the fox to the distance of some yards, and screaming like a fiend, "tear him to pieces," at least six times repeatedly, he consigned him over absolutely to the pack, who in a few minutes devoured him completely. Thus, my dear, as Virgil says, what none of the gods could have ventured to promise me, time itself, pursuing its accustomed course, has, of its own accord, presented me with—I have been in at the death of a fox; and you now know as much of the matter as I, who am as well informed as any sportsman in England. Yours,

W. C.

Wm. Cowper, Esq. to Mrs. Bodham.

Weston, June 29, 1790.

My Dearest Cousin,

IT is true that I did sometimes complain to Mrs. Unwin of your long silence, but it is likewise true that I made many excuses for you in my own mind,

mind, and did not feel myself at all inclined to be angry, nor even much to wonder. There is an awkwardness and a difficulty in writing to those whom distance and length of time have made in a manner new to us, that naturally gives us a check when we would otherwise be glad to address them. But a time, I hope is near at hand, when you and I shall be effectually delivered from all such constraints, and correspond as fluently as if our intercourse had suffered much less interruption. You must not suppose, my dear, that, though I may be said to have lived many years with a pen in my hand, I am myself altogether at my ease on this tremendous occasion. Imagine rather, and you will come nearer to the truth, that when I placed this sheet before me, I asked myself more than once, how shall I fill it? One subject indeed presents itself—the pleasant prospect that opens upon me of our coming once more together, but that once exhausted, with what shall I proceed? Thus I questioned myself; but, finding neither end nor profit of such questions, I bravely resolved to dismiss them all at once, and engage in the great enterprise of a letter to my quondam Rose, at a venture.—There is great truth in a rant of Nat. Lee's, or of Dryden's, I know not which, who makes an enamoured youth say to his mistress,

"And nonsense shall be eloquence in love!"

For certain it is, that they who truly love one another are not very nice examiners of each other's style or matter; if an epistle comes it is always welcome, though it be, perhaps, neither so wise, nor so witty, as one might have wished to make it. And now, my cousin, let me tell thee how much I feel myself obliged to Mr. Bodham, for the readiness he expresses to accept my invitation. Assure him, that stranger as he is to me at present, and natural

natural as the dread of strangers has ever been to me, I shall yet receive him with open arms because he is your husband, and loves you dearly; that consideration alone will endear him to me, and I dare say that I shall not find it his only recommendation to my best affections. May the health of his relation (his mother, I suppose) be soon restored, and long continued, and may nothing melancholy of what kind soever, interfere to prevent our joyful meeting. Between the present moment and September, our house is clear for your reception, and you have nothing to do but to give us a day or two's notice of your coming. In September we expect Lady Hesketh, and I only regret that our house is not large enough to hold all together, for, were it possible that you could meet, you would love each other.

Mrs. Unwin bids me offer you her best love. She is never well, but always patient and always cheerful, and feels beforehand that she shall be loth to part with you.

My love to the dear Donnes of every name. Write soon—no matter about what.

W. C.

Wm. Cowper, Esq. to Lady Throckmorton.

April 16, 1792.

My Dear Lady,

I THANK you for your letter, as sweet as it was short, and as sweet as good news could make it. You encourage a hope that has made me happy ever since I have entertained it; and if my wishes can hasten the event, it will not be long suspended. As to your jealousy, I mind it not, or only to be pleased with it; I shall say no more on the subject

subject at present than this, that, of all ladies living, a certain lady (whom I need not name) would be the lady of my choice for a certain gentleman, were the whole sex submitted to my election. What a delightful anecdote is that which you tell me of a young lady detected in the very act of stealing our Catherina's praises; is it possible that she can survive the shame, the mortification of such a discovery? Can she ever see the same company again, or any company that she can suppose, by the remotest possibility, may have heard the tidings? If she can, she must have an assurance equal to her vanity. A lady in London stole my song on the Broken Rose, or rather would have stolen and have passed it for her own. But she too was unfortunate in her attempt; for there happened to be a female cousin of mine in the company who knew that I had written it. It is very flattering to a poet's pride, that the ladies should thus hazard every thing for the sake of appropriating his verses. I may say with Milton, "that I am fallen on evil tongues, and evil days," being not only plundered of that which belongs to me, but by being charged with that which does not. Thus it seems (and I have learned it from more quarters than one) that a report is, and has been sometime current in this and the neighbouring counties, that, though I have given myself the air of declaiming against the slave trade in the Task, I am in reality a friend to it; and last night I received a letter from Joe Rye, to inform me that I have been much traduced and calumniated on this account. Not knowing how I could better or more effectually refute the scandal, I have this morning sent a copy to the Northampton paper, prefaced by a short letter to the printer, specifying the occasion. The verses are in honour of Mr. Wilberforce, and sufficiently expressive of my present

present sentiments on the subject. You are a wicked fair one for disappointing us of our expected visit, and therefore, out of mere spite, I will not insert them. I have been very ill these ten days, and, for the same spite's sake, will not tell you what has ailed me. But, lest you should die of a fright, I will have the mercy to tell you that I am recovering.

Your's, &c.

W. C.

Mr. Robert Burns (the Poet) to Mr. William Smellie.

Dumfries, Jan. 22, 1792.

I SIT down, my dear Sir, to introduce a young lady to you, and a lady in the first ranks of fashion too. What a task! to you—who care no more for the herd of animals called young ladies, than you do for the herd of animals called young gentlemen; to you—who despise and detest the groupings and combinations of fashion, as an ideot painter that seems industrious to place staring fools and unprincipled knaves in the foreground of his picture, while men of sense and honesty are too often thrown in the dimmest shades. Mrs. Riddel, who will take this letter to town with her, and send it to you, is a character that, even in your own way, as a naturalist and a philosopher, would be an acquisition to your acquaintance. The lady too is a votary of the muses, and as I think myself somewhat a judge in my own trade, I assure you that her verses, always correct, and often elegant, are much beyond the common run of the lady poetesses of the day. She is a great admirer of your book, and hearing me say that I was acquainted with you, she begged

to

to be known to you, as she is just going to pay her first visit to our Caledonian capital. I told her that her best way was to desire her near relation and your intimate friend, Craigdarroch, to have you at his house while she was there; and lest you might think of a lively West Indian girl of eighteen, as girls of eighteen too often deserve to be thought of, I should take care to remove that prejudice. To be impartial, however, in appreciating the lady's merits, she has one unlucky failing; a failing that you will easily discover, as she seems rather pleased with indulging in it, and a failing that you will as easily pardon, as it is a sin which very much besets yourself—where she dislikes or despises, she is apt to make no more a secret of it than where she esteems and respects.

I will not present you with the unmeaning *compliments of the season;* but I will send you my warmest wishes and most ardent prayers, that fortune may never throw your subsistence to the mercy of a knave, or set your character on the judgment of a fool; but that, upright and erect, you may walk to an honest grave, where men of letters shall say, here lies a man who did honour to science; and men of worth shall say, here lies a man who did honour to human nature.

I am yours, &c.

R. B.

ON LETTER WRITING.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

"IT was the wisdom," says Seneca, "of ancient times, to consider what is most useful as "most illustrious." If this rule be applied to works of genius, scarcely any species of composition deserves more to be cultivated than the epistolary style, since none is of more various or frequent use, through the whole subordination of human life.

It has yet happened that among the numerous writers which our nation has produced, equal perhaps always in force and genius, and of late in elegancy and accuracy, to those of any other country, very few have endeavoured to distinguish themselves by the publication of letters, except such as were written in the discharge of public trusts, and during the transaction of great affairs; which, though they afford precedents to the minister, and memorials to the historian, are of no use as examples of the familiar style, or models of private correspondence.

If it be enquired by foreigners, how this deficiency has happened in the literature of a country where all indulge themselves with so little danger in speaking and writing, may we not, without either bigotry or arrogance, inform them, that it must be imputed to our contempt of trifles, and our due sense of the dignity of the public? We do not think it reasonable to fill the world with volumes from which nothing can be learned, nor expect that the employments of the busy, or the amusements of the gay,

gay, should give way to narratives of our private affairs, complaints of absence, expressions of fondness, or declarations of fidelity.

A slight perusal of the innumerable letters by which the wits of France have signalized their names, will prove that other nations need not be discouraged from the like attempts by the consciousness of inability; for surely it is not very difficult to aggravate trifling misfortunes, to magnify familiar incidents, repeat adulatory professions, accumulate servile hyperboles, and produce all that can be found in the despicable remains of Voiture and Scarron.

Yet, as much of life must be passed in affairs considerable only by their frequent occurrence, and much of the pleasure which our condition allows, must be produced by giving elegance to trifles, it is necessary to learn how to become little without becoming mean, to maintain the necessary intercourse of civility, and fill up the vacuities of actions by agreeable appearances. It had therefore been of advantage, if such of our writers as have excelled in the art of decorating insignificance, had supplied us with a few sallies of innocent gaiety, effusions of honest tenderness, or exclamations of unimportant hurry.

Precept has generally been posterior to performance. The art of composing works of genius has never been taught but by the example of those who performed it by the natural vigour of imagination, and rectitude of judgment. As we have few letters, we have likewise few criticisms upon the epistolary style. The observations with which Walsh has introduced his pages of inanity, are such as give him little claim to the rank assigned him by Dryden among the critics. "Letters," says he, "are intended as resemblances of conversation, and the "chief excellencies of conversation are good

"humour and good breeding." This remark equally valuable for its novelty and propriety, he dilates and enforces with an appearance of complete acquiescence in his own discovery.

No man was ever in doubt about the moral qualities of a letter. It has been always known that he who endeavours to please must appear pleased, and he who would not provoke rudeness must not practise it. But the question among those who establish rules for an epistolary performance is, how gaiety or civility may be properly expressed; as among the critics in history, it is not contested whether truth ought to be preserved, but by what mode of diction it is best adorned.

As letters are written on all subjects, in all states of mind, they cannot be properly reduced to settled rules, or described by any single characteristic; and we may safely disentangle our minds from critical embarrassments, by determining that a letter has no peculiarity but its form, and that nothing is to be refused admission, which would be proper in any other method of treating the same subject. The qualities of the epistolary style most frequently required, are ease and simplicity, and even flow of unlaboured diction, and an artless arrangement of obvious sentiments. But these directions are no sooner applied to use, than their scantiness and imperfection become evident. Letters are written to the great and to the mean, to the learned and to the ignorant, at rest and in distress, in sport and in passion. Nothing can be more improper than ease and laxity of expression, when the importance of the subject impresses solicitude, or the dignity of the person exacts reverence.

That letters should be written with strict conformity to nature is true, because nothing but conformity to nature can make any composition beautiful or just. But it is natural to depart from familiarity

familiarity of language upon occasions not familiar. Whatever elevates the sentiments will consequently raise the expression; whatever fills us with hope or terror will produce some perturbation of images, and some figurative distortions of phrase. Whereever we are studious to please, we are afraid of trusting our first thoughts, and endeavour to recommend our opinion by studied ornaments, accuracy of method, and elegance of style.

If the personages of the comic scene be allowed by Horace to raise their language in the transports of anger to the turgid vehemence of tragedy, the epistolary writer may likewise, without censure, comply with the varieties of his matter. If great events are to be related, he may with all the solemnity of an historian, deduce them from their causes, connect them with their concomitants, and trace them to their consequences. If a disputed position is to be established, or a remote principle to be investigated, he may detail his reasonings with all the nicety of syllogistic method. If a menace is to be averted, or a benefit implored, he may, without any violation of the edicts of criticism, call every power of rhetoric to his assistance, and try every inlet at which love or pity enters the heart.

Letters that have no other end than the entertainment of the correspondents, are more properly regulated by critical precepts, because the matter and style are equally arbitrary, and rules are more necessary, as there is a larger power of choice. In letters of this kind, some conceive art graceful, and others think negligence amiable; some model them by the sonnet, and will allow them no means of delighting but the soft lapse of calm mellifluence; others adjust them by the epigram, and expect pointed sentences and forcible periods. The one party considers exemption from faults as the

height of excellence, the other looks upon neglect of excellence as the most disgusting fault; one avoids censure, the other aspires to praise; one is always in danger of insipidity, the other continually on the brink of affectation.

When the subject has no intrinsic dignity, it must necessarily owe its attractions to artificial embellishments, and may catch at all advantages which the art of writing can supply. He that, like Pliny, sends his friend a portion for his daughter, will, without Pliny's eloquence or address, find means of exciting gratitude and securing acceptance; but he that has no present to make but a garland, a ribbon, or some petty curiosity, must endeavour to recommend it by his manner of giving it.

The purpose for which letters are written when no intelligence is communicated, or business transacted, is to preserve in the minds of the absent either love or esteem; to excite love we must impart pleasure, and to raise esteem we must discover abilities. Pleasure will generally be given, as abilities are displayed by scenes of imagery, points of conceit, unexpected sallies, and artful compliments. Trifles always require exuberance of ornament; the building which has no strength can be valued only for the grace of its decorations. The pebble must be polished with care, which hopes to be valued as a diamond; and words ought surely to be laboured, when they are intended to stand for things.

TABLE

OF

MODES OF ADDRESS,

AND

Superscription of Letters.

TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.

The King—*To the King's most excellent Majesty; Sire; Most gracious Sovereign*; or, *May it please your Majesty. And in the course of the letter*, not you, *but* your Majesty.

The Queen—*To the Queen*; or, *To the Queen's most excellent Majesty. Madam*; or, *May it please your Majesty. Your Majesty.*

The Prince of Wales—*His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Sir*; or, *May it please your Royal Highness. Your Royal Highness.*

The Princess of Wales—*Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. Madam*; or, *May it please your Royal Highness. Your Royal Highness.*

All other Princes and Princesses of the Blood are addressed by the style of "Royal Highness," to which is superadded any other title his Majesty may have thought proper to bestow on them, as "Duke of York," &c.

TO THE CLERGY.

The Archbishops—*His Grace the Archbishop of C. My Lord Archbishop*; or, *May it please your Grace. Your Grace.*

Bishops,

Bishops—*The right reverend Father in God T. Lord Bishop of L. My Lord*; or, *May it please your Lordship. Your Lordship.*

Deans, &c.—*The Revd. Dr. F. Dean of Y. Canon of W. Prebend of C. Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of B. &c. &c. Reverend Sir*; or, *Sir.*

Rectors, Curates, &c.—*The Revd. Mr. B. Revd. Sir*; or, *Sir.*

N. B. If a clergyman be the son of a Duke, he is styled *Lord*, as Lord G. M. If the son of a Peer of less rank, he is styled *the honourable*, or the reverend Mr. A. or B. indiscriminately.

TO THE OFFICERS, &c. OF THE LAW.

The Lord Chancellor—*The right honourable the Lord Chancellor. May it please your Lordship*; or, *My Lord. Your Lordship.*

The Chancellor of the Exchequer—*The right honourable H. A. Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir.*

Chief Justice of the King's Bench—*The right honourable Lord E. My Lord. May it please your Lordship.*

Chief Justice of the Common Pleas—*The right honourable Lord A. My Lord. Your Lordship.*

The Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.—*The honourable Sir Archibald M. My Lord* (though not a peer). *Your Lordship.*

The Master of the Rolls—*His Honor the Master of the Rolls. Sir*; or, *May it please your Honor. Your Honor.*

The puisne Judges and Barons—*Mr. Justice R. Mr. Baron T.* or if they have a title, by that title, as, *Sir F. B. Bart. Sir.*

Masters in Chancery—*W. G. Esq. Sir.*

Attorney and Solicitor General—*Mr. Attorney*, or *Mr. Solicitor General. Sir.*

Recorder, Common Serjeant, &c.—*Mr. Recorder, &c. Sir.*

Serjeants at Law—*Mr. Serjeant A. Sir.*

Barristers—If younger sons of Peers, by their proper style of Honourable; as, *The honourable T. E.* If otherwise, *E. B. Esq. Sir.* And all Barristers are styled Esquires, whether King's Counsel or not.

TO THE OFFICERS OF STATE, &c.

The President of the Council—*His Grace the Duke of P. Lord President of the Council. My Lord Duke. Your Grace.*

Secretary of State—*The right honourable Lord H. one of his Majesty's Secretaries of State. My Lord.*

Speaker of the House of Commons—*The right honourable C. A. Speaker of the House of Commons. Sir.*

The Commissioners of the Admiralty, &c.—If addressed collectively, *The right honourable the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. My Lords. Your Lordships.* If individually, according to their ordinary rank in life.

The Officers of his Majesty's Household—If upon business relating to their office, by the style of that office; as, *The most noble the Marquis of S. Lord Chamberlain. My Lord Chamberlain, &c.*

TO THE NOBILITY.

Dukes—*His Grace the Duke of L. My Lord Duke;* or, *May it please your Grace. Your Grace.*

Marquisses—*The most noble Marquis of S. My Lord;* or, *My Lord Marquis. Your Lordship.*

Earls—*The right honourable the Earl of M. My Lord. Your Lordship.*

Viscounts,

Viscounts—*The right honourable Lord Viscount F. My Lord. Your Lordship.*

Barons—*The right honourable Lord D. My Lord. Your Lordship.*

Ladies—According to the rank of their husbands; as, *Her Grace the Duchess of A. Madam. Your Grace.*

The right honourable the Marchioness of S. My Lady; or, *Madam. Your Ladyship.*

The right honourable the Countess of M. My Lady. Your Ladyship; &c. &c.

N. B. The eldest sons of Dukes, are, by courtesy, styled Marquisses; the eldest sons of Marquisses, Earls; those of Earls, Viscounts; and the sons of Viscounts and Barons, The honourable. The younger sons of Dukes are called Lords; and the daughters of these nobility, and their sons' wives, are styled according to the title given by courtesy to their husbands or brothers.

TO GOVERNORS OF ISLANDS, COLONIES, &c.

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—*His Excellency the Earl of H. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. My Lord;* or, *May it please your Excellency. Your Excellency.*

Governors of Colonies, Forts, &c.—*The honourable T. S. Governor of his Majesty's Leeward Charibee Islands. Sir.*

TO THE CORPS DIPLOMATIQUE, OR AMBASSADORS, ENVOYS, &c.

His Excellency the Earl of B. his Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of Spain. My Lord. Your Excellency.

His Excellency Count de G. his Swedish Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of Great Britain. Sir. Your Excellency.

COM-

COMMANDERS AND OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

If these gentlemen possess any titles of nobility, or honour, they are superadded to those which denote their rank.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York, Field Marshal. Sir; or, *May it please your Royal Highness.*

The honourable Sir R. H. Admiral of the Blue. Sir.

Majors, &c. in the Army, and Captains in the Navy, are addressed, *Major P. Sir. Captain B. Sir,* &c. &c.

BODIES CORPORATE.

The honourable the Governor, the Deputy Governor, and Directors of the Bank of England. Gentlemen; or, *May it please your Honours. Your Honours.*

The honourable the Court of Directors of the East India Company. Gentlemen, &c.

The Master and Wardens of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths. Gentlemen, &c.

COMMONERS.

Baronets—*Sir T. H. Bart. Sir.*

Knights—*Sir B. H. Sir.*

Members of the House of Commons—If Privy Counsellors, Officers of State, in the army or navy, or royal household, or sons of Peers, according to such situation: otherwise, *M. A. T. Esq. M. P. Sir.*

Doctors of Physic, Laws, &c.—*Dr. B. Dr. L.* &c. *Sir.*

PERSONS

PERSONS IN PROFESSIONS OR TRADES.

Messrs. R. and Co. Merchants, London.
Mr. T. G. Attorney at Law, Paper Buildings, Temple.
Mr. H. L. Apothecary, S. Street, Charing Cross.
Mr. A. M. Mercer, Cheapside, &c. &c. &c.

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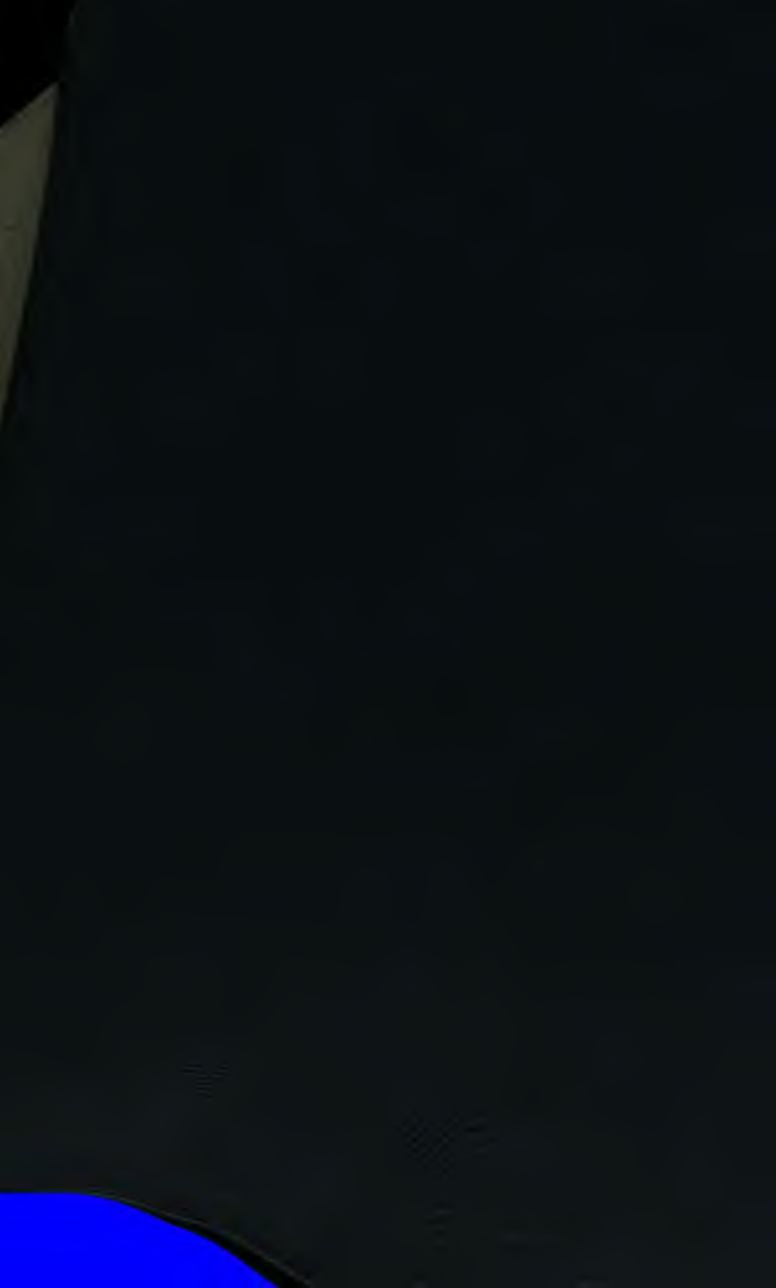
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